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Interview

With former Israeli prime minister Golda Meir

For five years, from 1969 to 1974, Golda Meir held one of the toughest jobs in the world as Prime Minister of Israel. Her courage, grandmotherly instincts, demonstrated news reports around the world. That was the admission of a career devoted to Zionism, the establishment of a secure Jewish homeland. When she resigned in April 1974 after a debate within the Labor Party over responsibility for Israel's total setbacks in the October 1973 war, Meir quickly retired from the world stage. Her autobiography *My Life*, published in 1975, was a best seller, but she had persistently refused to grant interviews because they could take up all her time. Last May, the Labor Party that she helped build was defeated at the polls and a right-wing regime led by Prime Minister Menachem Begin came to power, raising concerns in many quarters that she might once again step up to the Middle East. What follows is a rarely a post-election interview with the 70-year-old Meir. She spoke with *Time* writer/producer Philip Radwin in two sessions in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. And she told *Time* this is the final word. This last interview she ever intends to give.

Meir: Yes. What has a Jew got to gain by coming to Jews?

Meir: That's not a lot to do. Any human being, especially young people, can feel that they have come to have something, they have done something, that because of them some place that was a wilderness yesterday is beginning to bloom. And let me be very interested in something, less from other countries. We have now become an export country in agriculture. Sometimes I ask myself is this not because during the British mandate and the last few years of the war we had to import everything. We had to import meats and vegetables and certainly eggs and everything, and we now export. We export fruit and we export vegetables and who are the people that are producing all this? These are people that have come from all over the world, hundreds of thousands of them who have never had any contact with the soil. They never produced anything in agriculture. They were taught how to do it here. There is satisfaction in that certainly. I think what does the young person want in this life for satisfaction? Another one? A bigger house? So what? This what he is about 40 or 30 he can start. Not everybody becomes a millionaire by the way. And I always wonder, what do young people want in their lives?



I'm always surprised that there are still Jews who want to run away from their people

to deal with the soldiers with whom they are fighting and the humanitarian attitude to the Arabs, just seeing over and over again some of these youngsters who come back and they have a double tragedy, they had to shoot and they saw their best friends die in battle.

Meir: Yes. What sort of Jew is Israel today?

Meir: Once upon a time we were agricultural. We were farmers and we had to fight battles throughout our history. For 2,000 years we were scattered all over the world, many countries for a long time we were not allowed to buy land, we were not allowed to become farmers. We had to be

Meir: Yes. Do you think the new generation of Israeli modernized the country? Do you think they are willing to put up the burden?

Meir: They are doing it. They are doing it. It breaks each heart to see that they will have to do it. I don't mind their working hard, developing new areas and we will have a lot of forest and a lot of roads to take care of. That's all right. But that they still have to fight in wars. And the way they do it, and it is not easy and that's the way

some things happen and many leaders and so on. Now we have come back to our own soil, that's where our roots are and we've come back to what we were.

Meir: What were you doing to accomplish when you first came to Israel in 1917?

Meir: When I came here to a kibbutz and that's what I expected to live my life. It was difficult to convince myself to hand physical labor. The life of a kibbutz in that time was very, very difficult. But my idea was to spend my life there. I've always felt sorry that I didn't.

Meir: You were born in Kiev and you came to Milwaukee and then from Milwaukee you came to Palestine in the age of 23 at a time when only a few people were here.

Meir: About 80,000 Jews were here then. The first was I was a Zionist, I was a Labor Zionist and since I believed in Zionism, the building up of a Jewish homeland, I couldn't imagine myself staying in Milwaukee and having somebody do it, so that was it.

Meir: In your early life, where did that Zionism come from?

Meir: The fact that there should be a solution to the Jewish problem wasn't an idea that was foreign to me. My home was full of that. My older sister believed in this so the problem was not something that was strange on the one morning. I lived with it from childhood.

Meir: What was your life in Palestine?

Meir: I came by train to Palestine from Egypt. And it was very hot, it was in July and that's it. We stayed for a while in Tel Aviv, a few months and then we went to the kibbutz.

Meir: You are amazed that it wasn't difficult for women at the time that you first came over to work on the kibbutz.

Meir: Not especially for women. It was difficult for everybody.

Meir: Did you experience any need to be better or to be more than just good enough because of your sex?

Meir: No. For me personally there was never a problem. To say that the Jews for women have a certain that they are supposed to be in the home and so on, that's true to a large extent but not according to the history of the Jewish people. There were great women in Jewish history. I don't remember any time except once where being a woman stood in any way, once there are natural limitations. Women go to work to children and I gave birth to two children. Women are more and to their homes where they have children than



"If your Prince Igor Screwdriver isn't perfect, check the orange juice."

men say. Nobody can change it and I, as a woman, wouldn't want to be changing it. But I was once heading up the list of my party in the municipality of Tel Aviv and although my party was out first, we didn't have an outright majority and we had to have the support of other parties in the municipality. The religious party refused to support me because I was a woman. So by one vote I couldn't become mayor, which didn't break my heart exactly. I was already a member of the cabinet.

Manville: During the Second World War, the Jews in Palestine were more of racial dogs in Europe and just your hands were not by the British. Could you risk a life for about this period?

Main: That was a very tragic period. We got word of what was happening in Jewry in Eastern Europe, in Central Europe, all the countries that were occupied by the Nazis. I don't know how many we could have saved if there had been a voice at that time. And whatever we could do without being a state we did try to get some help to them and even sending part of our people to purchase into the various occupied areas behind the lines of the Nazis. Not all of this came back. But then in March 1945 after the war when it was possible to bring people in, there were the limitations of immigration which were put on us by the British government. That was a small thing to do because there were about 250,000 Jews in camps in Germany and Italy. The British Army was in Germany and Italy and immediately worked with them and helped do what they could. But if at that time the attitude had said Jews can come in as many as want to come in, that would have been the great day. But they had to be brought in legally. The war was in action, the British Army, after they had conquered Hitler, felt that this was another war that they were waging against the illegal boats and the manner the boats would come into Palestine. Territorial waters, they finally would get them most of them.

Manville: Do you think the British were really opposed to Jewish immigration? Palestine simply because they had more to give from the Arabs?

Main: Naturally. You can ask yourself why Israel is not getting the support of the world as it should. Why is there so much contradiction with the Arabs who have been waging war after another against it? You can ask those questions and then is anything of justice in it, also is that right? It is wrong because the Arabs were never people. They had oil. And that's it.

Manville: Personally, what does even look like the Holocaust mean to you?

Main: I think what it means to every decent person is the matter of a third of our people were killed. Out of 13 million Jews, that were in the world before the Second World War, six million were led to gas chambers and burned alive. No Jew, I think, can live with that without feeling that was really a personal tragedy, not only a national tragedy. Go through hell or go to the United

States and speak to Jews and almost everybody will tell you, yes, I had a family whether it was in Germany or whether it was in Austria or in Czechoslovakia or in Holland. And you walk around here in Israel you can see them, people with numbers on their hands and their arms which were stamped by the Nazis and the concentration camps and the ghettos. That's an awful lot of history that you can forget. I don't think we should ever forget it. I think this young Jewish generation should know about it.

Manville: What do you think about the Jewish government living in North America not so much in 1945-46, that was the price



We want borders: we are not prepared to depend on anybody else to protect us

government. I am living in the United States now, it's not my country?

Main: I am always surprised that young people. Look, that's not the first time I can come from the Jewish people. They think they can run away from it.

Manville: Why do you think they run?

Main: I don't. Not because every one of it is a whole somebody reminds them that they're Jewish. I mean there are religious things which really shouldn't matter. There are certain things, Jewish places, Jewish houses and so on that don't accept Jews. I think that any Jew can live without it. That's not the question. But the question is that you are not accepted, not because you are not a good person, you are not accepted because you are a Jew.

Manville: It's been suggested that the New York government is going to be much less willing to negotiate with the Arabs because it's much more right wing.

Main: That might be a certain extent and yet

I didn't want them to come into government, but I must be honest. I am sure there's not a single person among them that wants war. The difference between any party and them is that they think they can have peace in one way and I don't believe it. We think we have to compromise in order to get peace.

Manville: Do you think they are going to find that out as they move in the political arena?

Main: Probably they will say that they can't move in their way all the time. But they don't want war. They've tried to have a war and have terrorism.

Manville: What sort of thing would the Jewish government consent to in terms of a peace settlement?

Main: We agree with them and will give up some of the areas. But we do not want territory, that's not what we want. We want borders, borders that we can defend ourselves. We are not prepared to depend on anybody to protect us.

Manville: Including the United States?

Main: Including even the United States. In the first place, we don't want American soldiers or any other soldiers to give their blood for us. That's our business. In the second place, we can't depend upon anybody to fight for us. What we want is help in some economic but not in personnel. And no gas chambers. When the time comes they fall.

Manville: What do you mean by that?

Main: People say to us, go back in '67 borders, there will be no rational questions of these borders. We can't depend upon it.

Manville: Why should the United States have such an interest in Israel?

Main: I think the people of the United States from the very beginning had sympathy for our cause. People know history, they know where we came from. They know what has happened to us and the fact that we have still remained a people despite everything that is something that inspires them. That doesn't mean that we didn't have in the past and probably will have in the future, differences of opinion on certain matters. But basically there is a friendship there, and I don't think any American administration will punish us if we don't do as they think we should do. After all, it's our life that is at stake.

Manville: Do you think President Carter feels that when he speaks of settling or warring, it points more towards?

Main: I don't know. I don't want to say anything against President Carter. I can't imagine that he would want to do something that would harm Israel but that's not the problem. There are many people who I am convinced would not want to harm Israel. I think I know that they have a great deal of sympathy for what's good for Israel but that's not the problem. All the friends who appreciate it but a hard life that is at stake and after all the decision must be ours.

Manville: Do you ever see a time when there will be peace with the Arabs?



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Letters

A battle royal

If I had a ton of bucks, I could think of no better use for them than to drop them on the head of Allan Fotheringham (or his marks on the monarchy in *Solo's* *A Good Given*). (June 27)

ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM, TORONTO



Wherever a loyalist heart beats, the monarchy lives.

GLENVIEW BRATTON, TORONTO

Fotheringham's contention that the monarchy is a "foreign" institution as far as Canada is concerned, and that our Queen is a "foreign" sovereign is curious in a sense, of course, that is perfectly true, exactly as it

is true to say that our (English) system of common law is foreign, our parliamentary system of government is foreign, and, for that matter, the English language itself is foreign.

ALAN T. DAVIES, TORONTO

Fotheringham seems to forget that we Canadians opted for the constitutional form of government in force in our country today. We were not pushed by anyone to adopt this system which our elected representatives in parliament approved with hardly a negative note. In my view as a lawyer, I believe the bulk of our members of the Royal Family who, for obvious reasons, they cannot and will not renounce.

M. F. WINDY, VICTORIA

The Queen of England, were she to say he, is after all, a foreigner? Her position is becoming irrelevant to English Canadians as it long has been to French Canadians.

OSCAR D. STEWART, WHITE ROCK BC

If the monarchy is to be abolished, then at least give a reason for doing so. Auto-motivation statements are themselves and are not a reason for doing so.

DUNCAN J. PETERSON, SECRETARY, LOWER MAINLAND MANUFACTURERS SOCIETY, VANCOUVER

Whether we approve of the monarchy or not, it does serve a purpose. It is our shield and such a state as we are was and we are enough to make us our own.

F. BUCKTON-ROSE CAMPBELL, SEASIDE BC

The only people I know who regard the monarchy as important are recently arrived refugees from the Jewish lands and

certain antediluvian Canadians who subscribe to the Johnson action that by displaying a monarch on stamps and currency, we show off our total absorption by the United States.

LLOYD BILLORELEY, AMHERSTBURG, ONT.

Canada is the only nation, large or small, in the Western world that must attend to its own Constitution without an oversight and that continues to acknowledge someone else's monarch. It's time for us to end both monarchies.

FRANKIE LOUIS JOHN, NEW

The direction of attention to the British monarchy has served us this country as a detriment from Canadian identity and Canadian pride in our own achievements. The "royal" serve to stain the British. They do not serve Canada.

F. LANE, VANCOUVER

Since our tribe needs fantasy, I'd rather have an elf than a king-freak with a Native say day.

LEE EDGEE, TORONTO

For years we have had our front lawn and sidewalk flooded by dogs. Now we have Allan Fotheringham on the back page of *Maclean's*.

J. KAFFER, TORONTO

She is not a good queen to march to the music of a marching band to progressive thought and action. The queen is like a god and the queen we can get on with developing our own identity in the light of a free assembled democracy.

JENNIFER CORRETT, BRIDGEVIEW, ILL.

When you know the deck is stacked, hold it Robert Lewis! The *Puck* review (July 11) is a review that the review I withdrew an appeal to the Federal Court seeking a review of my decision from the review was that "the public release of justice department documents would have been irrelevant to the review of the review and to the review." This is incorrect.

My appeal to the Appellate Division of the Federal Court was based upon section 28 of the Federal Court Act which provides that "the Court of Appeal has jurisdiction to hear and determine an application in review and set aside a decision or order... (in the instance of the Commissioner of the review that the review Commissioner failed to observe a principle of natural justice." I was my commission then and is now, that the review to which I was dismissed from the review without ever having been afforded the opportunity of a hearing, constituted a denial of natural justice. To this extent, the documents that were filed by the justice department with the Federal Court were irrelevant to the question of law which had been raised. In fact, the Federal Court could not have reviewed the Commissioner's decision to dismiss me, in effect, replace the Commissioner's decision by its own. If the Federal Court could have done so, would have been in order that the Commissioner convene an Ordinary Room where I would have been afforded the opportunity to appear and make the statement of the review documents which had been produced. Unfortunately, Ordinary Room proceedings are held behind closed doors and I would therefore have found myself in a situation where I would not have been able to make the statement of the review documents which had been produced. Unfortunately, Ordinary Room proceedings are held behind closed doors and I would therefore have found myself in a situation where I would not have been able to make the statement of the review documents which had been produced.

It is not because, as your article stated, these documents "incriminated" me, or anyone else for that matter, but rather because I realized that I would never be afforded an opportunity to publicly use these documents under oath, that the appeal was withdrawn. I am writing to the day that the allegations upon which the Commissioner based his decision to dismiss me are unfounded, replace with amendments, and I believe I can only hope that the day will come when I shall be afforded the fundamental right of every Canadian citizen to "the day in Court" or a public hearing before impartial parties.

HOWARD MACLEARY, WINDHAM, QUE.

A few things Parizeau forgot to mention
Congratulations to Jacques Parizeau for managing to twist, with a single twist of linguistic gymnastics, both logic and history (June 27). He says "The fact that the Canada decided to become independent didn't mean that Britain collapsed. The monarchies were set up to end."

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Thus, the expiry date on this coupon is the 28th issue of 1977.

pendent countries and what was left of Austria kept together and separate from Germany. I have heard of the following: the post office in Austria that eventually followed her "independence," the subsequent collapse of her monetary system—the notorious "Kreditanstalt" bankruptcy which, in turn, was one of the events that triggered the Great Depression, the plot which the Austrians wanted to join a democratic Germany but were forced to refuse a separate state by decree of the World War I allies, the revision of Austria by Hitler in 1938 which was one of the key causes of World War II, the mass exodus from Austria between 1933 and 1939. Read history, Canadians, before you so gleefully talk it. Read it and weep.

JOHN R. KOHN, PROFESSOR OF TEACHING, UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, OTTAWA

Critical opinion
Beauclerc? Finally Canada has found a theatre critic who understands what he's talking about: Ronald Bryden's *A Famous Light Moment* (July 11) on Stas (read, was delicious—good enough to make me hungry for more. If I had never been to Stasford I would immediately set out, spurred by the evocative nature of his prose. He knows how to write with imagery and heat of all he appears to be above the kind of pretentious that plagues most of the critics across the country.

NORMAN KERR, TORONTO

As pure as the driven snow
 After reading *Democracy in Quebec* (July 11) I want to set the record straight regarding the Canadian Union of Postal Workers' relationship with the Post Office Department, and our position concerning the institutional and structural changes which we feel are necessary to resolve the problems that confront the Post Office as a department of government. It is not the "toxic relationship" that is the cause of the current problems but rather the department's refusal to honor our collective agreement, to negotiate in good faith, and to address and resolve the structural and operational problems that confront the Post Office as a department of government. The "toxicity" is a result of the employer's repeated violations of our collective agreement, a result of its continuous attempts to bypass our national union and to negotiate directly with the membership, and a result of its failure to implement the changes which have been recommended by every independent report since 1965.

The CUPW believes that it is management's job to manage and that it is the union's job to ensure that this is done in conformity with the collective agreement. Members of the CUPW have rights that are clearly defined in our collective agreement. The CUPW, as a democratic union, which is responsive to the needs of its membership, will continue to direct its energies and effort in representing its

members as defense of their rights—that is the purpose of a union.
 ROSE GARDNER, NATIONAL PRESIDENT, CANADIAN UNION OF POSTAL WORKERS, OTTAWA

Please modern, this is a family magazine!
 I found it extremely offensive to find personal remarks about Claude Menn's secretary's breasts in *Quebecer Les Lieux Que Thou Ours* (June 27)—an article which I subsequently found to be interesting. Suffice to say that no woman was made of Claude Menn's penis! Men also have rights to equal coverage.
 JILL LIGHT, OTTAWA, MISSISSAUGA, ONT.

Just an example as that
 When Meyer Rosenberg stressed in *What Does The French Quebecer Want?* (June 27) that Quebecers want to be as much at ease in their language in Quebec as Canadians in other provinces are in English, he points out the real concern of people in Quebec today.
 ANDRÉ LINDNER, QUEBEC CITY

Norberg's insight into Quebec
 Norberg's insight into Quebec's realities and his perception of conditions for a viable future for this country have a signal from as one of very few Canadian capable, because of personal situation and background, of an impassioned approach to the present crisis.
 ELIZABETH LAMBE, BRUL'AR, QUE.

What the hell, it's creative job openings
 In *Sell-off* (July 7) Jon Upchurch quotes the influential U.S. *Business Weekly*. Roseau is stating that "the only U.S. business which wouldn't be completely welcomed to Canada is Murder Inc." (Unfortunately for Canadians, Roseau's is incorrect). Consequently the case against organized crime has been discussed and Murder Inc. has long been welcomed and accommodated in this country.
 BARI GENDL, MISSISSAUGA, ONT.

Paper for Belshazzar
 John Robertson's column, *Scarily Slow Is Not Just Another Pretty Face* (June 27), was excellent. In an issue devoted to Rose Lévesque, Jacques Parsona and Camille Lévesque, it was refreshing to read about a whole issue.
 GUYMINE WATSON, MEDICINE HAT, ALTA.

Getting the wages into a whole
 Robert Lewis devoted a good portion of *The Abolish Formulas* (June 12) to "apocryphal content problem" which supposedly are continuously lobbying to either the provincial or federal capitals of the country. Has he ever asked himself why such action is necessary and why have free thinking Canadians found it necessary to form cautious associations such as FORTAC and Responsible Ownership Inc. (found in order to protect every one of our best interests from the dictatorial whims of an

ever expanding bureaucracy, which is second to none when compared to any country in the Western Hemisphere? What public sentiment toward a problem must be apparent, something must be offered as a rational token. Known, heeded, tried, heeded, but, etc. etc. etc. be damned—except that there on a daily basis either the vocational or recreational use. Parents have been associated with wars and crime since their origin 600 years ago and although the root of the problem is not being attacked, possibly an adequate smoke screen can be deployed to camouflage the real issue, knowing the media will perform its part with perfection—sensationalism does sell. It is unfortunate but true that the media are playing a major role in promoting today's world problems and the recent attack on the private ownership of guns has fallen into the same abyss—despite the fact that the majority of responsible firearms owners today recognize that some form of control must be placed on gun ownership as a result of the problems in this society.
 ROBERT L. WATKINS, SHERBROOKE, ONT.

Yes, but Mon and apple pie occupied
 What a wonderful way for our national newspaper to celebrate Canada Week! First, however, Donald Ogilvie presents a very fine review of the country and sets us out to the United States, then you take still another swing at CANADA, undeniably

Canada's greatest scientific and technological achievement: then a crack at the RCMP, the world's greatest police force and tag it all off with Alvin Folger's high-downing the Queen!
 DAVID BRUCE, DESERFER, ONT.

Musing prose
 Having seen your Barbara Amiel shoot down over a passage in T. S. Eliot—a fact which I certainly couldn't duplicate—makes me believe that, in spite of her recent piece, *When The World's Great Gatsby* (June 12), on the Colapostolovsky Family, she does have some feeling for poetry. Perhaps it's just that her sensitive sense, this lady's second instrument, was crudely interfered with by the bodily presence of 20 actual poets. Poets, indeed at random and without any attempt at personal sympathy, made some or table manners, can admirably do without the necessary distance our more sheltered critics require for the enjoyment of poetry. In that respect one can sympathize with Amiel as much as with Ogilvie's, gone whither, in search of the poet of inward half can be Orwell but not attracted to Orwell to model, tried being the late author in this case, and after each bit helping, no doubt that if it could drive him away the bread would somehow remain suspended in mid air.
 GEORGE KIRWAN, TORONTO

Fort George Jones is the husband of Barbara Amiel

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Canada's problem is not too much French. If anything it's too little

Column by Gordon Sinclair

French is the most beautiful language in all the world and most, even if the cost is high, be preserved in North America.

French is not the most precious of languages. English goes that route. French is often used with precision. The language of romance, courtesy and ceremony.

French, in North America, was used recently as endangered species.

Explorers, such as Champlain — first governor of Michigan — set up forts, governments and posts in the area. Cadillac, Frontenac, LaSalle, Brulart and LaFontaine followed. They chartered lakes and rivers, established what are now cities, left great names and moved on. French has all but disappeared in Michigan.

When the United States bought Louisiana from the French, it gave no language rights to, except for a broadened version of Acadian existing in the bygone "can-jan." French has disappeared there too. It wasn't just "disappeared" from Quebec, but it could perish if efforts are not made to preserve it.

To the credit of Robert Laurier and René Lévesque, the French tongue will be preserved and to the credit of Pierre Trudeau it will expand and grow used as never before. Some Canadians — all Quebecers will be Canadians — will speak French as naturally as they drink water.

But something had to be done and still needs doing. Police, referees, press, scientists, business and aviation were all, perhaps by accident or the immediate syndrome of size, eroding the French tongue. Even now with a language bill by Bourassa and a different one by Lévesque, it could be too late. It's easy to say that the petroleum sector stops in the middle and that the Pemm Quilbasse has gone, and is going, too far. In some ways I agree that they are heading in no extreme direction, but this Second Canadian would rather see it too much French than too little French.

As to agriculture, there will in my view be no adjustment and it's time there was adjustment. But the French-speaking people of Quebec are honest and loyal Canadians with a difference and very intelligent. If you look up the files of Maclean's of about 25 years ago you will see that I was wrongly misled years at that time so I am no convert to the accusations of the moment.

We see the Canadians, home of French background, those of Scotch like me, and those of Japanese, Greek, Portuguese, Italian or anything else. We are the people and we are a nation. As a nation we opened the country coast to coast with steel and wood when the tools were crucibles and



My presumed Canadian situation: what do Angles want? Too often the wrong thing.

Miner's scraps through double-bladed axes and dynamite. No power tools, no electricity or gas to help.

We the Canadians were the line-buffers of a coast-to-coast railway in North America. We did it by hand and have the only coast-to-coast line now run. But a century earlier by now we maintain mostly the French spawned and mapped the country by water. There would be no Detroit, most capital of the world without the French. There would be no Quebec, no Montreal, no New Orleans.

A long time ago Roger Laframée now an executive of La Presse, decided to test his French background by going to live in Paris. There he discovered he was not a

Frenchman but a Canadian. Roger came home. Of that homeward voyage he wrote one of the most moving pieces about Canada that I have ever read. He talked of standing up the St. Lawrence and realizing as he sailed what a magnificent land this was and it was his land.

I've done that too, coming into the St. Lawrence from Europe or to Vancouver from China. The sight of my own country made me weep. Quickly the tears came to my eyes and they would not stop. I was not ashamed because people were looking at me. I could tell the way Roger Laframée and many like him, including René Lévesque, felt about it. These men are in my genre: writing and thinking and they are important to me because they are part of me.

People who put their backs on the French of this country surely do not understand passionate feeling, because this Canada is part of them all. They must not be lost but they have every right to feel neglected. Imagine a Quebecer seeking justice in an Alberta court and having to engage an interpreter to plead his case. This is his country including Alberta, and French his tongue, is an official part of his country's language. Too long has he been neglected, too long has he endured in silence.

And if your presence frets in the feeling that the Anglo-Franco rivalry is not viable, look to the greatest man in hockey — Les Canadiens. They are what they say they are — Canadians. Fully integrated, English and French, good as they are, take no precedence over Robinson and Dryden as the admiration of the most partisan fan from east of the Missis. The Supreme Court of Canada is another example, some judges wear some French, working together in harmony.

We would land are so lucky to have these two people, tongues and cultures. The Americans seem to be a bit superficial about accepting our French, so they undertake to make it a step by step use of Spanish in Arizona, Texas, California and New Mexico. But no official recognition. Not now, not ever.

And because we do give official status to French, some of our fellow Canadians are uneasy. Come on, shops, houses up, things loose. Unnecessary in necessity. We are the Canadians. We can be great. But we will be persecuted, colonial-minded throwbacks to a vanished age if we do not embrace our French speaking fellow citizens with joy.

It's late, but not too late.

Gordon Sinclair is a Toronto Star columnist.

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Maclean's

Preview

O mighty dollar dost thou lie so low—and wilt thou soon lie lower?

The Canadian dollar appears to be poised to head further down into the dumps (after a probable short-lived rally) and one financial "analyst" with a pretty good track record is prepared to predict worse. Harry Schultz, who successfully prophesied in the early Seventies that gold would hit a high of \$200 an ounce (it hit \$197.50 in 1974), says the Canadian dollar will drop below 80 cents U.S. within the next three years. It is currently at about 93 cents U.S., down from \$1.05 in June 1976. The reasons for decline are complex, and



Photo: J. G. Smith

gnarled (see Maclean's February 28, 1977) but the present battering seems to reflect the fact that Canada (and, for that matter, the United States, whose own dollar is in trouble) has not been as capable of reducing inflation and increasing productivity as its competitors in the world market.

Just the men they're looking for



Liddy, doesn't say much, but he looks like a good worker

In a perverse sort of way, the most admirable of all the Watergate conspirators is G. Gordon Liddy. While most of the rest of The Worms and The Dumbest around Rich and Mason were taking a few months at a prison spa and then turning their criminality into profit with books and lecture tours, Liddy sat silent in his cell for most of the past five long years, observing the code of all secret agents worth their Walther PPK. This September, providing he can take one of the \$50,000 fine that went with his prison sentence, he will be out on parole and, presumably, job-hunting. He may not have too much trouble either among offers already made to him by Securinvestor Canada Ltd., a firm that checks phones for wire-

taps. Its manager, James Miller, has offered Liddy an executive position on the basis of his "experience in the trapping business," and he says that Liddy is "highly interested."

God and Men at the U of T

The full production runs about 14 hours, embraces a Biblical history from Creation to Final Judgment and consists of 47 separate plays, so it isn't too hard to understand why the York Cycle of Mystery Plays hasn't been all that popular lately. Lately being the past 450 years. However, on October 1 and 2, the complete cycle will be presented at the University of Toronto, in authentic detail as was the case in 16th-century York: the players—more than 600 of them, 500 with speaking parts—will proceed in "pageant wagons" from point to point around the campus, until the total cycle has been performed for every fixed-point audience along the route.



Performers rehearsing for the Cycle's cast of hundreds

Big Jake can go get heartburn

In one of the newest McDonald's commercials, this behemoth of a man strides through the restaurant's door. The girl at the counter conveying the impression that if not asked, the man will turn the plate into a parking lot, gasps: "Big Jake's here!" Then she serves Big Jake the biggest of everything, and the action switches to him in real life. However, the action has switched to the girl. Next spring, when the Franco-Cinead on film *Blood Relative*, currently shooting in Montreal, is likely to hit the theatres, one of the "introductions" will be 18-year-old Lisa Langille, a Hamilton native who auditioned her way into a featured part—including a love scene—originally conceived for and turned down by Jodie Foster. She apparently comes to a tragic end, but at least it's not at the hands of Big Jake.



Langille and co-star Laurent Malet getting a break today

Canada

The polls are closed until further notice

It was eleven-thirty on a late July night and the House of Commons had just finished voting approval of the new Immigration Act, the last piece of legislation to be passed before its annual summer recess. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau was putting on a brief appearance at the traditional Commons post-party party. He appeared tired, just-faced, looking to an opposition critic but he was "exhausted." He spoke weakly to a reporter about taking a short trip but reportedly gave up the idea of a long official and family obligation. He spoke of the summer of a full election, he did not look like a man about to end the country to the polls.

And, during totally unexpected developments, there will be the general election in Canada this year. Trudeau himself is expected to call an early election. Not only is he worn out physically, but he is also exhausted by his position.

Trudeau did face enormous pressure for an early election from key advisers who had been warning the prime minister, including his closest personal secretary, Senator Keith Dwyer, Liberal campaign manager, Jerry Robinson, national director of the Liberal Party, and cabinet ministers. Many

"This year being put off the Liberals will miss the opportunity of an amazing fall of the public confidence in 1975 for the Conservatives. The fall will, which is to be expected in early October, will not be in an early election."

Lalonde and Francis Fox, but the pressure was countered by the Liberal caucus, the people who would have to face reelection. They told Trudeau in a caucus meeting July 6 that they did not want an early election. Said Trudeau: "As far as I am concerned, just because one is not tired is not a good reason to go to the polls."

But the election cannot stay away throughout July and the Liberals did nothing to encourage them. If anything, this summer served to keep the opposition Conservatives off balance and might have added the passage of some controversial legislation through the Commons, including the Immigration Act and a bill regarding some anti-political insurance.

Said the legislative record of the session just completed (which began last October 12) was poor. The government managed to get only 44 bills through the Commons compared with an average of more than 30 in previous years during the last decade. Of those 44 bills, only a handful were important, including the immigration and employment insurance legislation, the Human Rights Act, and a new Fiscal Arrangements Act setting out the sharing of revenue between the federal government and the provinces. Some 16 bills died on the parliamentary agenda when the Commons recessed, including a new national transportation act and legislation re-

lating O Canada in the national anthem during a new holiday in February, protecting homeowners from loan sharks, and reorganizing Air Canada. New competition and telecommunications acts were introduced for purposes of discussion but never extended to be passed. Two other bills—legislation providing for gas controls and restrictions—were passed only after being watered down to meet lobbyists' demands.

Part of the blame for the shoddy record could be attached to the opposition parties which delayed several bills with time-consuming and often pointless debate. The Commons spent 12 days, for example, on debate over a bill rubber-stamping government spending cuts that took place a year before. Trudeau commented: "It is the same old merry-go-round every time. There is always some member who does not want to give unanimous consent (to end a debate) or a few members who think that they have not spoken long enough and want to speak more. It is very difficult without seeming arbitrary or even worse arrogant to run the House in an efficient way." The government did bring forward a series of proposals for changes in the rules of the Commons to shorten debates, but got nowhere in its efforts to win opposition

support for the package. The government is now waiting on the introduction of legislation in the Commons at the beginning of the next session if the fall session comes into session during their speeches.

But the opposition cannot be blamed for delaying bills that were never brought forward and the fact of timely legislation put off by the government is dramatically long. The neglected areas include divorce, abortion, marijuana, conflict-of-interest, welfare, patents, trademarks, marketing boards and banks. There is no lack of proposals for change in these areas, but the government has decided it is better to do nothing than to risk angering the various groups involved. It has even accepted on some of its promises during the 1974 election promises of urban renewal, housing and income for the working poor and a ceiling of 50% on foreign ownership of new resource projects.

The opposition says the government is too preoccupied with the question of national unity that it is ignoring other problems, especially in the area of the economy, where so much has been achieved. The latest figures show unemployment still at the 8% level, some considered still

KNOW I WIN, TALK YOU LOSE?

ISN'T THAT A WONDERFUL THING?



JOHN F. WOOD

support for the package. The government is now waiting on the introduction of legislation in the Commons at the beginning of the next session if the fall session comes into session during their speeches.

There has been a great deal of rhetoric, a \$5.5 million province of "Canada Day," a national unity commission under the auspices of Jean-Luc Pepin and John Roberts with clear mandate and a policy paper on language that was even less clear, but little real action. Indeed, the federal government has watched helplessly from the sidelines as Quebec proceeds with unbridled enthusiasm of its own language bill, which, by denying English Canadians moving to Quebec the right to a education in English, could lead to the facts scenario. It was to prove not a mistake to let things this legislation that such members as Lalonde and Fox argued Trudeau's call an election.

But if the federal government was inert during the past parliamentary session, the opposition parties, particularly the Conservatives, were positively inert. Conservatives leader Joe Clark joined the session with his party well ahead in the polls but quickly lost the lead along with two of his best, Jack Horner and Jacques Lacombe,

saxophone, and inflation remaining above 7% despite the controls program.

Even in the area of national unity, support to be the government's forte, there appears to be more inertia than initiative. There has been a great deal of rhetoric, a \$5.5 million province of "Canada Day," a national unity commission under the auspices of Jean-Luc Pepin and John Roberts with clear mandate and a policy paper on language that was even less clear, but little real action. Indeed, the federal government has watched helplessly from the sidelines as Quebec proceeds with unbridled enthusiasm of its own language bill, which, by denying English Canadians moving to Quebec the right to a education in English, could lead to the facts scenario. It was to prove not a mistake to let things this legislation that such members as Lalonde and Fox argued Trudeau's call an election.

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to the Liberals in the present. By July, Clark appeared even more tired than Trudeau and took for two weeks vacation in Cape Cod before the Commons recessed. But Trudeau and the Liberals may not be able to continue existing on opposition inaction. Now that the Conservatives have fallen below 30% popularity in the polls, Clark really nothing to lose, may be less cautious and come out fighting. He gave an early indication of this new approach before he left for Cape Cod as Commons speaker in which he attacked the government's bilingual policy, particularly a secret code over Lester B. Pearson. He also showed signs of casting fire, particularly on economic issues.

To meet a resurgent opposition, Trudeau plans a face-lift for his end-of-look cabinet, possibly in September when he returns from his own vacation. The content of the cabinet shuffle depends primarily on Finance Minister Donald Macdonald, whom he kept his job for he wanted to but who has hinted decisively that he wants out of public life altogether. If he goes, the reshuffle could be substantial. His replacement might be Trade Minister Jean Charest, but Charest is more than a decade whether to run for the leadership of the Quebec Liberals.

Trudeau is also planning a package of proposals for constitutional change, which would be the government's first, concrete response to the election of René Lévesque's Parti Québécois. "I think I've been a bit guilty in not addressing the problem of national unity enough," conceded Trudeau before he left for vacation. "We will be bringing it to the floor to the floor (in the next session of parliament)."

New faces in cabinet and proposals for a new Constitution would come at a good platform for an election campaign. Not in 1976, not 1977.

TORONTO

The sins of the mother

"In going to find another child," Deborah Ellis said dejectedly during the Toronto inquest into the death of her 16-year-old daughter Vicki. "And just let anyone try and stop me." Nobody can. Only sympathetic skepticism in the newspaper can stop Mrs. Ellis. The first is a ritual and the second, while inevitable, is hardly surprising, in a healthy 20-year-old woman. Already she has given birth to five babies—three died in her care and the other two were made permanent wards of the province. And now all the judges, doctors and social workers in agreement in the court are pointing to the face of Mrs. Ellis' undeniable right to bear more children. One last month's inquest made tragically clear: can the system protect them from a mother diagnosed as psychopathic, paranoid, passive aggressive hysterical and "a danger to herself and the may have."



staring, more than five weeks. It had, however, been a long time since the famous Elmer F. Duggan had been in the jury. "All the elements of the classic Greek tragedy," Vicky Ellis, aged 46, said, died on March 19, 1977, in a hospital, after a long illness. The death of the mother of the child brought on by improper feeding of a high-sodium diet food. However, the real cause of her death was a heart attack. The mother's death deprived childhood. According to testimony, Deborah Dominguez, 24, was then, was constantly abused by her own mother and grandmother until she was 10 years old. She was then, subsequently, all her life Deborah has been seeking and outliving a loving, accepting substitute mother. That's why pregnancy, even the pain of childbirth is welcome. "I've been afraid of pregnancy since I was born again." In this instance Deborah becomes the child as both psychologically but since the child can't become the mother Deborah wants the substitute with a healthy, magical and loving mother. She feels that she has been denied that. She feels that she has been denied that. She feels that she has been denied that.

A gem by any other name still sells as sweet

The coming argument is likely to be in its own way as dramatic as the Diamond P. Since Fingered wrote about the case that was as big as the Pitts. Gemme will soon bring the international scene with its very own version of a gem, one found nowhere else but southern Alberta. Called "calceolate" it is being promoted as the first gem to be discovered anywhere in the world during the post-diamond era and the last to be unearthed in North America since 1803. There's only one small problem: The Geological Institute of America in New York considers the material something other than a gem.

Robert Browningshield, director of the Institute and Tom McAvurra, president of Calgary-based Calumet Inc., agree on the definition of a gem: It's beautiful, rare and has a high resale value. It's also a question of how many people know it. The two men diverge, however, on its softness and susceptibility to acids; calcite, one has to be laminated with quartz before it can be used as jewelry. McAvurra says there's a perfectly legitimate pro and con issue over frequency on opals. Clowry says that while the gem has been used for jewelry millennia, no one has taken the trouble to laminate Calcipolite into bejeweled when it is laminated but if you don't I think as a gem that way and it shouldn't be equated with diamonds [the gem's] important world gem discovery [the gem's] important world gem discovery [the gem's] important world gem discovery.

attempts either to regain the child or to have another one. It is a cyclical pattern that is repeated endlessly and incessantly.

Dolbow's first child, Christine Dorrington, was born in December, 1968, and admitted to Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children in September, 1971, because of illness. Christine died in 1972, aged 15 months of age. She was discharged nearly two months later in care of the Catholic Children's Aid Society, her mother was convicted of neglect and shared in three years probation. Christine's second child, a son, was born in 1973. Eleven months later, he too died and Dolbow's third child, a son, was born. This time she was dead. A coroner's jury found she had choked on her own vomit and cited in contributing factors physical and mental illness, and the fact that she was possibly under judgment by the investigating authorities. It was at this point that Brodie Ellis, then 18, made his entrance in the psychodrama. Dolbow, who was sharing an apartment with his family, seduced his mother-in-law, and then married her.

Since the marriage, Mrs. Ellis appears to have transferred her violent homicidal

from her children to her husband. Producers have described their union as neo-traditional with Deborah flouting her love on *Frontal* Brooks and their being his. The Ellises have had three children although Brooks doubts whether any of them are really his. Pamela Ellis was born in 1957, when she was 19 and married. May 1975, when she was 19 and married in a birth. A second son, Brooks Jr. was born in April, 1975, and apprehended by the Children's Aid Society a month later. He was made a permanent ward of the court in January, 1977. Two months later, in March 1977, Pamela was told, the Children's Aid Society would testify and acknowledge with Deborah Ellis become pregnant with their son. The CAAS pronounced Billy Ellis shortly after she was born on February 1, 1977. But only a few days later, on February 19, 1977, William returned to his wife and to his parents. It seemed to be a death sentence.

How could the judge—who only a month before had made Brooks Jr. a permanent ward of the court, sent around and sent Vicky back to her parents? We could and he

He took his find to McArthur, whose family has operated a jewelry store in Calgary for the past 100 years.

McArthur, who has since closed the store to devote full time to calceatrine, was skeptical at first because he'd seen other treatments of amonites that failed. But after 20 years of testing — "We tried it, boiled it, we cut, shocked it — [who] couldn't find a way to get it," he said — calceatrine is now a "legend" in honor of Calgary's "cervid," it was declared the "artificial gemstone" in 1975 and McArthur geared up for production. Calceatrine Ltd. is now turning out 1,000 to 1,500 pieces of jewelry a month and 150 stores in western Canada are carrying them. Calceatrine is now rising into the eastern Canadian market and discussions have begun with distributors in the United States, Japan, the Bahamas and Bermuda.

America's tourists have been snapping up elaborate items ranging from \$25 to \$1,300 rings, says McArthur. There's even been a commodities speculator who tried to purchase \$10,000 worth of the stones for future profit. He didn't succeed because McArthur is a controlling the world supply by selling only finished jewelry. His source—the exact location is secret—could supply the world market for 300 years, he says.

McArthur expects to gross \$2.5 million in this, his first year of production, and he is planning a \$750,000 Lethbridge plant which will triple output. But he admits it has been difficult to win acceptance for his gear. "To get exposure and credit on the Canadian market," he says, "is particularly hard because Canadians are so ultra-cautious. If cadcentre was based in the United States, people would grab off the shelves." **HELANE INGRAM**



Deborah and Brooks Ellet: tragic victims who became even more tragic victims

Domestic film again becomes pregnant: the baby should be apprehended, nurtured and taken into Crown worship. In wider context the jury has recommended an expansion of the province's child abuse registry, legal representation for children in Family Court, the establishment of a child abuse team in every city or county, improved access to information by child care workers, and a greater degree of cooperation between a child welfare, statutory

The findings have been well received. Already, Keith Norton, Minister of Community and Social Services, has announced plans to reform the Child Welfare Act based in part on the results of the Ellis inquiry. But nobody is yet looking at the effectiveness of the whole "profession" of social work, although clearly it must bear a large share of the responsibility for the awful tragedy of Deborah Ellis and her family.

S. A. MATHIAS, A. MATHIAS ET AL.

HALF-FA

Good news travels fast

As the metric measure clocked 31 on Thursday afternoon late last week, the parents' drawn-out longevity of Sobson's beer and a norm after which racks of beefs behind the thick stone walls of Reginald's Premier Restaurant in Berkeley, California, were decorated with equal parts of restaurant and Soviet Socialist economy. This was not even in downtown Calgary, the last one of the Premier's projects was about to be answered, as a meeting project was to be held in the city of the announcement of a \$550-million (two new natural gas pipelines to be built from Montreal to energy-hungry New Brunswick) to with the possibility of a special beer connected to the aging deep water port on the Strait of Juan de Fuca, where the city of Seattle, Washington, was

The customer's party has brought down more than 50 recommendations. Among them Mr and Mrs Ellis should undergo long term psychiatric treatment and abandon the idea of having any more children. If, as coroner Eric Cline, that is impossible



most with Premier Frank Meyer (Meyer refused to discuss the meeting with *M*).

Denise: A man who values his time is not a man who does a lot of things for free. If you're going to be paid in terms of dollars per minute, just do it. "Drop in" on a project the same day a new paycheck is announced. Details of talks were impossible to uncover, but 1972, with renewed efforts in 1973. So here had announced plans to build a \$2 million railway and industrial complex (the Strait of Corinto using the same lining techniques as those at Corinto Chico)—the plan never got off the

Whether Shuteen gets a seat back on the Nova Scotia Energy Board, the province (if okay by the National Energy Board, is a good idea) would relieve Nova Scotia's energy problems, create jobs, and make

and my problems, create value and make it



8

Whitman: not known for his wicked side

A person with long dark hair, wearing a yellow and black striped shirt, is looking upwards with their mouth slightly open. The background is dark.

At times the beachwaves seemed to prompt a virtual preoccupation either with taking off or putting on clothes. After a bikini wedding on Toronto's Centre Island was widely publicized, Elaine Wildo and her fiancé, Jack Lopson, decided the

Maybe it's sheer coincidence, a heat index imposing crazy-quiet patterns on random events. But more than at any time since Confederation a decade ago, Canadians in this hot season seemed eager to forget briefly about problems with the economy, Quebec, the media, Prime Minister Trudeau and a looming postal strike and indulge themselves with a genuine, exuberant, laughing splurge of midsummer abandon.

could do even better and asked to be married completely naked. When the minister returned (it might hurt his dignity, he said) the couple had a fully clothed church wedding but undressed staged a mock promenade later near St. Catherine's Oratory, in which the whole wedding party was starless except for the bride who wore a veil and garter. Even Ottawa's mayor turned up. The church and civil offic



announced that a group calling itself the Made Garden Party had registered as Canada's newest political party. Headed by Vancouverite Patrick Briffon—predictably a fudisti gardener—the party seemed confident it could out the se-



The fun wasn't restricted to the young thereafter and the named Lloyd McGuinn, 72, and his 84-year-old girlfriend Christina Grant, made a big splash when they both broke with their traditions and sailed to Toronto from Saint John, New Brunswick. Explained McGuinn, "I've always wanted to do something sneaky. We came (to Toronto) to get married because everybody back home was mad at us."

However, things did not go as smoothly for all Mandobans. Two couples, strangers to each other, ended up parked side by side in cramped vans in one of the province's unusually crowded trailer parks. In the morning, one couple began frying bacon and eggs on the burner between the campers, while the other pair was fulfilling more commercial angles. Presumably they tried to notice that the supports for their wall beds were bolted into under the street



No Canadian summer, however, would be complete without at least one new like monster spotting, a new book of Newfoundland humor and a vegetable-growing contest. The summer of '77 had all three.

Clearly, some people this summer still have all their values right.

OTTAWA

Misspeaking himself

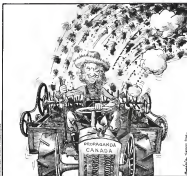
I have seen alleged conspirators that people do not believe any more when they read in the newspapers as we do believe because they have been fooled so often. You know, you're overplayed it. The people do not believe you any more. —Félix Trudelle, July 21.

Within days of taking the press with the recent Prime Minister Trudeau found his own credibility, not the reporter, being called into question. Late last month in the House of Commons, Trudeau accused René Lévesque's Quebec government of setting up 10 to 15 offices across the province to spend "subversive propaganda" in support of the separatist cause. It was to counter this threat, said Trudeau, that the federal government, no longer trusting the press, had set up seven organizations to provide Canadians with "information and facts favorable to Canada rather than to separation." In fact, Quebec government offices were set up by the previous Liberal administration and engaged in such mundane activities as distributing pamphlets entitled *Assessing the Costs to Society of Not Going Along With Your Landlord*.

At a subsequent press conference, Trudeau was confident and refreshingly admitted his error. But the briefing was dominated by questions about what sort of propaganda offensive and/or press controls the government plans in order to get the federal message across. An embarrassed Trudeau did not have any such plans, ignored the reporters of "pathological paranoia" and said "I'm a realist. I wanted to discipline the media, what I would do."

Trudeau's remarks brought to mind at least for the moment a period of intense debate between reporters and politicians in Ottawa over the role of the press. While the rest of the country looked on as berreries or bewilderment, charges of "sensationalism" and "sensationalism" were being heaped self forth in reactions. At issue, the debate was ultimately the boundary between press and government in the United States during the Nixon-Aguilar years. But little or nothing came of it. Reporters and politicians, depending on each other as they do, have always had a tenuous relationship and Trudeau has certainly not changed his concept for the shallow form of journalism too often practiced in Ottawa. The opposition also regularly complains over press coverage in June, former Conservative Leader Robert Stanfield called the press of "jerrying up" in his campaign. Joe Clark, adding "I can't understand why some people, at least in the Press Gallery and elsewhere, seem to enjoy ridiculing me, [Clark said]. I was never insulted, always invited to the table."

But the second the buzz was sparked by a report from the Canadian Radio-Television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC), which had been asked by the



Spreading the message



Roberts' snarl, no snarling needed!

government to look into charges that the CRTC was too fulsome in its attitude to promote national unity. The CRTC, in its report, found the CRTC guilty of "sensationalism" and went on further to accuse the electronic media (radio and TV) of being "biased to the point of subversion." The report was in essence a hypocritical and unhelpful by the CRTC. But Trudeau acted on it as justification of charges by himself and other cabinet members that the CRTC is harboring separatists and failing in its mandate. Thinking out loud, a habit that has proven himself in the past, Trudeau went on to ask at a press conference, who should control the media. "Should it be the state?" Should it be

private enterprise with its inherent of dollars? Should it be co-operation of state people?"

Trudeau did not answer his own questions, but to some reporters at least, his tone sounded ominous. They then seemed to be confirmed when Secretary of State John McCreery, in his interview with the Toronto Globe and Mail, complained that "the media is the only news about the government is bad news." He told the Globe his department was working on a new mechanism to distribute information about government activities. Then Trudeau made his remarks in the Commons about Quebec's "subversive propaganda" campaign and government efforts to counter it. The Prime Minister also stated there is the need for more self-discipline in the media and added "That is the preferred course. Lying whole of course disclosure has to be answered upon those, which nobody likes."

By now the media were at a fever. "Freedom of the press at the last," declared a Toronto Star editorial, echoed across the country in other papers. Trudeau finally moved to defuse the issue by telling reporters that he really did not have any restrictive measures in mind and they could all relax.

What happens next? Trudeau has handed the CRTC report over to Roberts for consideration. A royal commission into broadcasting may follow. Although the CRTC has been established apart from the government, reports from the CRTC president Al Johnson to Joe Clark have called for a royal commission and the CRTC might well be overruled. **COMMUNICATIONS**

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- 122 The New Nation of the United States, 2020-2025, \$12.95 (95¢)
- 123 The New Nation of the United States, 2025-2030, \$12.95 (95¢)
- 124 The New Nation of the United States, 2030-2035, \$12.95 (95¢)
- 125 The New Nation of the United States, 2035-2040, \$12.95 (95¢)
- 126 The New Nation of the United States, 2040-2045, \$12.95 (95¢)
- 127 The New Nation of the United States, 2045-2050, \$12.95 (95¢)
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- 130 The New Nation of the United States, 2060-2065, \$12.95 (95¢)
- 131 The New Nation of the United States, 2065-2070, \$12.95 (95¢)
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- 134 The New Nation of the United States, 2080-2085, \$12.95 (95¢)
- 135 The New Nation of the United States, 2085-2090, \$12.95 (95¢)
- 136 The New Nation of the United States, 2090-2095, \$12.95 (95¢)
- 137 The New Nation of the United States, 2095-2100, \$12.95 (95¢)
- 138 The New Nation of the United States, 2100-2105, \$12.95 (95¢)
- 139 The New Nation of the United States, 2105-2110, \$12.95 (95¢)
- 140 The New Nation of the United States, 2110-2115, \$12.95 (95¢)
- 141 The New Nation of the United States, 2115-2120, \$12.95 (95¢)
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- 157 The New Nation of the United States, 2195-2200, \$12.95 (95¢)
- 158 The New Nation of the United States, 2200-2205, \$12.95 (95¢)
- 159 The New Nation of the United States, 2205-2210, \$12.95 (95¢)
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- 165 The New Nation of the United States, 2235-2240, \$12.95 (95¢)
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- 167 The New Nation of the United States, 2245-2250, \$12.95 (95¢)
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- 239 The New Nation of the United States, 2605-2610, \$12.95 (95¢)
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- 318 The New Nation of the United States, 3000-3005, \$12.95 (95¢)
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- 360 The New Nation of the United States, 3210-3215, \$12.95 (95¢)
- 361 The New Nation of the United States,

All the rage in Paris

If you have to ask who he is, you can't afford him

By Marci McDonald



Kenzo creating a new look for fall. Kenzo Takada is the designer of the "Kenzo" look for fall. (Facing page) the new women's clothing

Kenzo Takada is the designer of the "Kenzo" look for fall. Kenzo Takada is the designer of the "Kenzo" look for fall. Kenzo Takada is the designer of the "Kenzo" look for fall.

Pushing, shoving, kicking, crawling, they surged forward as cat girls added more of tangled flesh and disoriented their heads. They looked against immediately conditioned high rising seams and twisting handles blacking apertures below and around notebooks flying, bustling over the hazy under, last first, like eyelashes first, whatever could get there first, finally spilling over into the series of the ground as it shifted under of triumph starting to take shape among the scattered lip gloss.

"Where?" breathed a New York fashion week, loudly exclaiming herself out of the rain. "This always happens at the Kenzo show."

It is not always. Some years it has been warm. Once 3,000 people tried to storm 3,000 seats under a Paris Mairie pavilion, creating a mob scene something

akin to the Carné food riots. In the six years since he first burst onto the French fashion scene, Kenzo's twice-yearly shows de force with suspension and women have become the coveted scene studies of that working trend setting crowd that is better known as Paris' seasonal post-4 power elite.

With a high-wire walker's secret moves, he has pulled off an improbable balancing act between outer mania and sheer contemporary pragmatism, producing some of the most futuristic and liberating looks of the century. With all the elements of a crystal-ball game, he has launched almost every major fashion trend of the decade, from the layered look to the Roman man gyrate removal, from the pop test down to the draw-string pantaloons—in the process not only setting the silhouette of the Seventies, but reviving the entire fabric of fashion itself. This famous cut the quick-Chinese-cooker jacket, the bag over skirt and the entire sling mini-panes—what shop windows and shop girls sport as today's clothing dicta, he was pulling out of his sleeve at least two years ago, while him perhaps the most copied designer of the generation.

In the past 10 years only one other designer has had his influence. That's Steve Lawrence, who calls him "the most original costume in fashion, after all of course." But Steve Lawrence was born to another, older tradition—at 21, on Christian Dior's desk, the designer suddenly started to resemble the king of the haute couture: three. Kenzo assimilated into the spotlight six years ago out of a dusty backstage boutique with \$200 worth of mismatched bargain-basement cotton and an irrepressible flair for the outrageous—as shocked as anybody else to find yourself suddenly invited to the same beach with Steve Lawrence.

But Steve Lawrence was French, of course, and when Franco was thrust away to live in gray on the world's oceans and clothes racks for the first time in a century, Kenzo covered into center ring and saved the national show—a Japanese of all things, but a Japanese with a showman's sweeping, minimalist for the moment who promptly took back his up and up and earned his \$20-million ready-to-wear design budget.

The press embraced him as a style-setting genius and contemporary fellow designers such as Karl Lagerfeld of Chanel turned him a schoolyard wind-up whose penchant for the absurd struck a brilliant mixture of fabric, color and cut. But just as the press of genius was threatening to get too sober, Kenzo hired a copyist for

his next show in a subtle reminder of just what he thought it was all about. To shock. To amaze. Those were his bywords.

When the international fashion press was crying over the reveal of all the details, he showed them the oversized look, better known as La Big and La Disco. Then, just when they were getting used to that one, he turned around last year and brought back the minimalist. Who would have thought? After all the years and scenes, the answer? "That's fashion," he said, "the question of his colleagues—and within three months even the vagaries of Paris have recovered from the Chanel to Pierre Cardin were showing liked-up homes."

Now, on the headlines dominated over the Police des Cinq, thousands of eyes were riveted on the pale-skinned runway, awaiting Kenzo's latest hot look.

The curtain parted and out popped a model who gave the dramatic impression she had just arrived from playing dress-up in 16th-century winter woods. In a swirling, floor-to-neck, she glided down the runway, or at least one had for a moment the grace, concluding that she had all the corners of an enormous fuzzy Christmas tree. Vials of champagne were belated out from her neck and she began to be caught up again in a high-high bubble. Her legs protruded in matching tangy lights, knees exposed like some staff nurse, and as her flowing blond mane

she sported a duster's peaked leather cap, she reeled and staggered in the way just the absolute opposite of the one man but they barely had her and focus before the next one tumbled out and the next, each modelled in more outrageously voluminous men, following rows reeked woolen, huge, soft, draped, shaggy, shawl-collared short coats, beyond the wildest imaginings of dishevelment.

Then, just as the audience looked as if they might catch on, out rolled a whole ridiculous parade of miniature, mainly pink motorbikes that blew up as if by cosmic bicycle pumps, then bobbed over the knee cap, stepped woolly as coons bobbed below and puffed skirts pulled out to ankle length.

Short, long—Kenzo's won't Kenzo's shape his time. When he had to say now was about the shape of things. And the shape he had just pronounced as the commandment of the coming season was—why it was better, it was better, it was so easy ahead. And he called it "The Bulb."

Just as one person needed the point, as the final motorcycle rolled out as a white tulle skirt, which was there a striking resemblance to a woman's window curtain, the stage exploded in a show of confetti and kaleidoscopic light balloons. The crowd went wild. Suddenly two models reeled behind the drapes and dragged out to the head behind it all a slim strip of a Japanese in a plaid shirt and pants, all go

Ferrari

308 GTB



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and glasses who looked somehow too small, too shy to have orchestrated this flamboyant brothaha which the next morning's papers would laud as the "Triumph of Kenzo." They hustled him by one door then and, in the pink-plastered room, he rushed the stage exchanging smooches and swigs from champagne bottles. In his spread wider and wider until there was almost no liver left. But Kenzo was already drinking. How could he stop hence?

Paris was having a heat bang with a heat wave and down on the main floor of the Jangle Jap boutique on Place des Victoires, Bianca Jagger was arming herself with a mini-miss-miss. But again in his very fourth-floor atelier, the master himself was huddled over his drawing table behind a gigantic pane of frosted glass as if he anticipated snow flurries.

Over a red T-shirt, he sported a burgundy striped shirt which was topped by another green wool shirt which in turn was topped by a burgundy sweater. All under a green scarf and overcoat brown cord-wool. Kenzo said that it was also a shirt wearing. Whenever Kenzo dressed up to do battle with the common cold virus, it was a sure sign that he was having trouble with his nose.

"It's hard to compete against oneself," he admitted in his forthright, accented French. "The ideas don't always come. I worry. I have fears about going dry." He pointed to his elaborately scaddled neck. "Sometimes I even get sick."

Fabric samples were heaped here and there in shadowy arrangements; experimental pattern pieces cut from his sketches stretched over tables and onto the floor. Huge Chinese knots hung from windows, bunches of dried orchids cascaded from the walls. On the other, lower side of town, Yves Saint Laurent presided over the hushed elegance of a pit and frantically brocade-draped sides, but despite the fact that he was the owner of those four floors and 2,500 square yards of some of Paris's priciest real estate, Kenzo continued to refuse an office, preferring to play downtown each day under the branches of his petal jungle, apricot and the occasional may-kem tree which appeared to be a variety of blue-jointed Japanese.

In fact, only 10 of his 40-member staff are fellow countrymen who have been with him almost from the beginning—usually the only reminder of the land where he was born 37 years ago. His parents ran a very traditional hotel in the city of Himeji, outside Osaka, but ever since he could first draw Kenzo had designs on becoming a designer, inspired by an older sister who begged sketches from him for a sewing cousin. His family, however, had other ideas. Becoming the first grand of nobility when his father died, he decided to dispel out and strike out for Tokyo as a school grad-

Kenzo and Marlene Tagomi in a mind reads from one complete circle of material. It started on Joke that sort of 'vintage'!



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Bolshoi. The smoothest vodka you can buy. Because part of our exclusive process is allowing it to mellow for 12 full years. Bolshoi is so smooth, so mellow, it makes the perfect vodka martini. And what better test of vodka is there?

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once a day, a poem, a song, before heading off to work. The *Sun's* ethics regarding advertisements were questionable. Stories in the real estate section often read like thinly disguised plugs for builders' projects, though other papers are guilty of that practice. The *Sun* went a tack step further recently when it allowed a builder of new homes to publish an ad that clearly resembled a straight news story, sure for the firm's logo at the bottom of the page.

It all began—the incident, then *Sun* in vulgar splendor—on Monday, November 1, 1991, on the top floor of the Edgemoor Whelan Co. Ltd. Building in a brick industrial section of downtown Toronto. Two days before, John Bassett's 90-year-old Toronto Telegram, die-harder since years of ferocious competition with the *Sun* and embroiled in labor troubles, had published for the first time. Throughout the night, *Telly* veterans downed their newswires by the gallon. On Sunday morning some 60-odd survivors walked or trotted along King Street to the Edgemoor Building. There, amid packing cases and slow pieces of heavily insulated, second-hand furniture, they set to work. Toting for up to 18 hours straight, writers and editors frantically wrote, edited and improved, then dispatched copy by car 20 miles across town to the Bassett-owned Island press where, at 6 a.m. Monday morning, the first copies of the *Sun* came into being. "It was," recalled sports editor George Ginn,

"one of the most thrilling, emotionally exhausting moments I have ever had." The driving force behind it all was Douglas Campbell, the plucky, bawling, long-haired editor who had been the *Telly's* last managing editor and is now the *Sun's* publisher, aided and abetted by co-*Telly* reporter Peter Werhungen and Don Hall, who had run the *Telegram's* syndication service. Confirmed that there was a market for a morning tabloid—used mainly at public transit rides and with no home delivery—the trio began a desperate search for financial backing two weeks before the *Telly* went under. It was an agonizing process, at one point, a key potential backer dropped out and the project seemed to collapse. Then, on Thursday evening, Edward ("Pat") Folger's Glaxiano, the Glaxiano family's powerful political power broker, went to work and rounded up \$300,000. The *Sun* was in business.

The paper began with a little help from other friends. John Bassett bequeathed the *Telegram's* sites, houses to the *Sun* and handed over the *Telly's* library for a nominal one-dollar annual rent. More important, devotedly loyal *Telly* staffers astutely transferred their devotion to the *Sun*. Knowing what lay ahead, about-to-be *Sun* employees swept through the *Telly* offices working up on paper, pencil, eraser and staples, and anything else they could carry away. Bob MacDonald, the hard-core Ottawa correspondent, saved

up his last couple of *Telly* endnotes to provide the *Sun* with its first huge headlines. From the start, the weekday *Sun* attracted spontaneous public sympathy. Readers' letters were discarded on the *Sun* offices with sandwiches and cakes. One anonymous fan even sent along a perfectly presentable oil painting of a contrary scene that still hangs in the *Sun* offices. These protesting days are long gone now. In 1993, the *Sun* moved into a comfortable new three-story building on Toronto's east end and the rapport between the *Sun* and its readers lives on, partly because the paper remains perennially a constant, distant and perhaps because the *Sun* is often warm to be looking outward at the world but inward at itself. Columnists regularly write about themselves, about each other and—refreshingly—about the freedom to twist the paper's story and be replied to in kind. Among the paper's top-rated writers:

• **Peter Werhungen:** According to the *Sun's* own surveys, Folger's chief Werhungen's columns and the paper's editorial 55% of them are written by Werhungen, make him by far the most widely read writer. A trim, youthful-looking 50-year-old the Winnipeg-born Werhungen served as a part-time internate with the Canadian Army during the Korean War, took an early degree from the University of British Columbia and by 1960 had become the *Telegram's* chief foreign correspond-



Top: Gordon Sinclair, Peter Werhungen and Don Hall. Bottom: Sinclair and Werhungen on the roof of the *Sun* building.

Gordon Sinclair & friends

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The coincidence of the announcement of Vance's coming visit and the reappearance of Tong is almost too striking to be mere chance. For one thing, Tong is the only man in the three-strong junta (the third man is the aging Minshul Yeh Chien-yung) who has much experience of dealing with Americans. For the problem for President Jimmy Carter and his Secretary of State is what the change portends.

The answer is that the United States and China have a common interest in stability in the East—and both are worried about the Koreans. (The United States is particularly concerned not to placid military withdrawal from South Korea should upset the delicate balance of power in the area.) But before they can put together the Chinese script that the United States should allow them to settle the question of Taiwan, still a radioactive stronghold.

A lot will depend on whether Carter has decided to be as elusive in his dealings with Peking as he is with Moscow. If so, he may begin any thoughts of normal relations. If not, a deal can almost certainly be struck—China needs U.S. technological expertise and, if Congress can be persuaded, might even be interested in U.S. arms. But a lot also hangs on the tough, chess-making, Tong, whose usual habits he sticks frequently to one of the aptly-named, old Henry Kissinger ploys to describe him as a easy little man. He is a born survivor and like any class bridge player, he will want to take every trick home. **DAVID DILLON**

RHODESIA

The great white groan

It was a landslide, even for that master of the sucker punch, Ian Smith, Premier of Rhodesia. So it is not too surprising that politicians in London, Washington and Paris—all still actively debating a formula for a Western-backed settlement in the troubled African territory.

But as Rhodesia is prepared for the August 28 general election, the announcement stunned everyone from shaking British Foreign Secretary David Owen to some of Smith's own supporters. It gradually became clear that he had lost little choice. The strong-willed and shrewd Prime Minister, who has been a rebellious hawk from Britain in 1963, was suddenly facing his own rebellion. His once fiercely united Rhodesia Front party (or) was crumbling into factions and, for the first time, exposing opposition to Smith in its ranks, despite its name.

Twelve Members of Parliament and the deputy chief of the air were expelled after openly challenging Smith. The party chief, Des Frost, then belatedly reneged and another air force and former cabinet minister William de Kock, descendant of a noted Rhodesian politician, made an emotional speech announcing his resignation and planned emigration to South Africa.

This row of blows was an indication of



Rhodesia's Selous Scouts (above) only be a crack guerrilla-busting outfit, but the mostly indigenous border and the size of the enemy make that a tall order.

how low white morale had sunk. Technically, it meant Smith is no longer had the majority in parliament—44 votes—needed to change the Constitution and implement some form of black rule. The weakened Rhodesia Front was left with only 27 seats. For the first time, its top political officer Smith was the moderate, facing open revolt from right-wing quarters who quickly mobilized to form the Rhodesian Action Party (RAP), a movement completely opposed to its majority rule—and determined to win 50 white seats.

"Smith's last stand"—as it has already been labelled—is a dangerous gamble which could backfire on the man who has dominated Rhodesian politics for 16 years. What he does not have given to him is a divided, deep split in recent months. There is growing concern that without international backing the "internal option" will amount to nothing more than new black faces in government with the same old problems: political isolation, a stagnant economy and a guerrilla war.

Rhodesia's 25,000 white civil servants are particularly fearful since many will be among the first to be replaced by Africans left without guarantee of employment or pension. They have also been crumbling because of a recent wage freeze. Their votes will be an important factor in a white electorate of 85,000.

The other large sector of the 270,000 white population is the farming community, currently dissatisfied because the government has fixed farm produce prices. Both farmers and civil servants are angry that their earnings should be limited when Rhodesia is suffering from soaring infla-



about 34% annually—and a policy of lifting the price of fighting the guerrillas.

To many within the movement appears to be getting beyond Smith's control. Two new fronts with Zambian and Bechuanaland borders—the so-called Rhodesian army—has lost 134 miles of the 1,840-mile border—the part shared with South Africa—see now vulnerable to guerrilla assaults, and there are an increasing number of reports from Zambia and Mozambique that a coordinated attack is being planned by the forces of Joshua Nkomo (who recently won in Cuba seeking arms from Fidel Castro) and Robert Mugabe, the two nationalists who have emerged into the militant present front. The front is estimated to be able to put up to 20,000 guerrillas into the field and this fact is right crack Rhodesia's tough counter-insurgency campaign.

Despite the success in Rhodesia's ranks across the border, guerrilla camps in Mozambique, the situation continues to worsen. War wounds are revealed in a retrospective: more than 4,800 men of military call-up age have a bandaged country since January, 1976. In general, more than 1,000 whites are leaving Rhodesia every month—the most since 1965.

Smith hopes to restore confidence with his post-election internal deal, probably through negotiations with the two moderate nationalists, Bishop Abel Muzorewa and the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole. Two men who have strong support inside the country but so lacking from the factions who want these days—the guerrillas, the frontier president of Mozambique, Bishop Zuzi, Tsvangirira and Angello, and the Organisation of African Unity.

In his nationwide election announcement, the 56-year-old Rhodesian leader praised political and economic reform for whites, and the elimination of "secondary and undesirable" discrimination for blacks. What he did not do was to win the extent of the franchise and control of the security forces. Both are seen as Tsvangirira's President John Nyerere was to tell Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau in Ottawa early this month.

At this point, most whites believe Smith's party will win, but that is not so. As Smith has acknowledged, what he needs is a "clear mandate" to counter the tragic spectacle of a new white victory. What he needs was an overwhelming victory, without which Rhodesia will be locked into a crippling device that will prevent any serious development. **RONNY WRIGHT**

UGANDA

The emineence blanche

He calls himself 'A man's old job man. But to hear some prominent Ugandans tell it, he is the man more like Odd Job the janitor who is the James Bond of the East African. There, however, are only two words to the tale: development. The words of Robert Ailes, linguistic consultant of the defense who is conservatively believed to have mentored over 100,000 of his fellow countrymen—50,000 of them since January, according to the latest figures.

Depending on who is doing the describing, Ailes is a Machiavellian manipulator—the man who set Archbishop James Louson up for murder and then (probably) looked on while the crime was carried out, a miserly "with the presence of a soul sweeper who is seen out of his depth," a fortune-teller a crawler a person without principle—and a man whose association with Amin has brought him few obvious rewards.

The contradictions are bewildering. But at least two things can be said about Bob Ailes with a certain degree of assurance. The first is that his white skin, prominent dark, grey-streaked hair and top-of-the-head

Praise the Lord, and pass the (ultimate) ammunition

Column by Walter Stewart

When Jimmy Carter came to Washington with an election in his pocket, a smile on his face and hell in his heart, many of us were concerned because we really didn't know much about the man. We knew that he was for girls, God, peace and public morality. But we didn't know where he stood on the most important issue, such as the survival of mankind. Was he a Black or a Devil? Or was he a moderate, a Devil?

His cabinet appointments were worrying, at least to Deaver, his "definite character" seemed to consist mainly of the worst of the worst. He was given as Vietnam (Defense Secretary Harold Brown was the Secretary of the Air Force who wanted to step up bombing in North Vietnam "with-out the proper consultation" for colonial peoples' damage and death). On the other hand, there were all those bomb speeches about abolishing nuclear proliferation, spreading peace and favoring human rights. Life is a human right, said a President in Town of fleeing this downward slide of Eastern Europe should be against the readiness of the arms race should he?

Well, no Jimmy Carter is fast emerging as a rather under-achiever of trading bluff but with Moscow's own board of leaders and we are headed for another round of nuclear-calling and weapons buying. Carter killed the B-1 bomber didn't he? No, he didn't. When he did he was to submit the Cruise missile which is cheaper, just as devastating, and has the virtue of appealing to Senator Henry Jackson of Washington, king of the Capital Hill hard

balls. Horrified by the Cruise victory, the Pentagon's senior officers probably are going to be doing its best to scotch the already shaky arms control talks.

Then Carter made a speech urging the Senate to push ahead on the neutron bomb. Then in a low-keyed, but significant, move, he told Haden-Sullivan, a former deputy director of the CIA, who was employed in the New York Times that day that if his own act set to build an atomic bomb and screw it up, he might get a warm body. The thing would not have much blast effect, but it would produce an enormous number of neutrons, which would go into the bodies of bystanders and kill them more or less quickly depending on the dose received. It would be almost an approach that will hit the brains of the Real Estate Board, but may be less popular with the Real Estate.

The Americans have been looking with the nature been for some time. The trick was to get a "kill machine" that would allow the expense to time time the spirit—thus expanding the parameters of the "nuclear threshold." This would scare the bigwigs out of the Dirty Reds, and allow peace to triumph.

It may work, or it may not. The mission has been given for us against the military, sparing the civilian population. A year back, but if the thing is to work as advertised, we're all going to have to prosper. Enemy soldiers will have to be kept in open fields and not go around sneakily mangling into cities or other civilian targets. Occupied soldiers will have to give up, and not, like a bunch of cowards, go around killing the innocent and the innocent. Every country will have to agree not to use their nuclear weapons, with impunity high yields, and thus the potential to damage property just because they don't have the nuclear bomb. And they can't develop it of their own, or the U.S. advantage would be lost.

It is hard to see how these conditions can be met, and have the neutron bomb will be a deterrent of nuclear war. What is today to see as that Carter's nuclear support for the neutron bomb has all his hand-to-hand budding down rap.

The man is a hawk. A Southern hawk. What they call around Georgia a turkey buzzard.



make him stand out, despite his shabby overalls and goggles, among the dark Maasai faces and uniforms at the Court of King Ish. The seemed to him to be outstanding, if not very impressive, but.

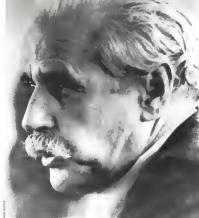
According to Timon Sherepeter Gendall Uthug, welcomed to first meet Anon in Burma, during the war, when he was flying with General Orde Wingate and he was a boy soldier. The wartime pilot angle is an Anles favorite. He certainly can fly, and the war era can put in hand with him in a war, that he never retired, though it has no record of him doing so. But Anon never admitted to Burma. He was first recruited to the King's African Rifles in 1940—after the Second World War.

The most widely quoted (and more plausible) version of this story is that the great met in the Belg in Congo (now Zaire) when Anon, then a diver in the Ugandan army, was serving during the civil war with a mixed African force. Anles piloted him to and from Uganda. The story goes that the close personal bond between the two men was joined in three contradictory times—when they are also said to have put their hands on some Congolese gold.

Romantic suggests such as these are not winning in the Geography of Robert. Anon—former personal informant of him. He has a father and brother to live near Ashford (Kent) in England. But they put the phone down on reporters saying that they do not want to cause trouble for him. So there is no much to tell about his early life. In fact he might well not have existed until his arrival in Uganda as a head contractor before Anon's overthrow of Dr. Milton Obote in 1971.

Since then he has been connected in one way or another with the Ugandan military and the state, but in which he has been in control, and the Ugandan Development Corporation for which he runs Uganda Civil Aviation, an internal revenue service. He has advised Anon in British affairs and he now heads the Ashford Group, in which capacity he sometimes comes a wildlife safari ruler to keep in touch with Anon, and helps him to keep the nation Public Service Unit and the State Research Bureau. Anon's dislike speaks for himself. He has been called the "odd job" which does the real threat of his life: flight to Britain for a case to head for places where chemistry interferes with journalism—and other less serious activities.

One last observer is Bishop Bernard Ogo, secretary of southern Uganda's first, because of Archbishop Luján's murder, of London, Ontario. While at the Development Corporation, he says, Anles told Anon that no chairman was about to take the country with money he had pulled from the Academy in Ottawa. Anles was working the job for himself. He did not get it, but the chairman and several other corporation executives spent months in jail. Former Finance Minister Geoffrey Leakey



Anles has neither the power behind the throne, or the lustre in front of it

now in exile in Britain, recalls that Anles wanted \$26,250 compensation for his worthless shareholding in the airline when it was taken over by the state in 1975. He describes Anles as a former worker and a crawler, but says the police are terrified of him. "There knows him to order senior officers to provide better than their usual terms. On one occasion he told them: 'You are all corrupt and I am going to clean up the police.' I have been given power by HS [this Excellence Anon]. He then picked out three and told them: 'You are going to be dismissed.' They went, yet they did not know why."

A journalist acquaintance says that, as anti-corruption chief, Anles has frequently interviewed businessmen at his home in Kampala's Kololo district and there is no evidence he used improper methods. But he nevertheless may have been responsible for a number of arrests. He sends his reports to the State Research Bureau.

The worst accusation, however, comes from Bishop Ogo's information that he has argued in Canada that he accused Anles of being one of the authors of the failed letter which charges that Dr. Lewis is plotted with Obote were based. He also claims that Anles wrote a confession that Lewis ac-

lined to sign, helped to connect a misleading story that Lewis had been killed in a car accident, and probably was present when the architect was shot.

Apart from power and Anon's position, there is conflicting evidence about what Anles has got from such activities. He receives no salary though his Ugandan wife a constant secretary who is now Minister of Culture, does. It is normal for Anon's favorites to be given pensions, cash or property—from time to time and Anles has a farm on an island on Lake Victoria. But those who have seen the furniture at his Kampala home say it is "tiny."

He has also been arrested at least twice for the crime of tax evasion, which he calls "The Big Man" (has saved his life). On the last occasion, in 1975, he was charged with spreading false information and causing the wrongful arrest of Ugandans. He said later that Anon had wanted him to leave the country, and he rushed Britain after crossing Lake Victoria and persuading Kenyan authorities to let him in.

A few months later Anon sent Anles money and asked to return. He clearly needed his Mr. First, and Anles' future seems secure while Anon is there to protect him. But when the day comes as a man, for his himself to go, Anles may find himself with one old job beyond even his versatility.

DAVID FORBES in the City by JAN NATHAN

Business

The oil is there for the taking, but can Evan Bodrug, et al, take it?

In 1941, Evan Bodrug was a 16-year-old cowboy riding horses in the Calgary Stampede, located to just high school after his emigrant father was killed in an accident and his family lost their Saskatchewan farm. Now he is chairman of Calgary-based Canadian Hydrogen Resources Ltd. which he founded 11 years ago with a \$10,000 bank loan and has built up to the point where in 1984 he was worth \$10 million and he is now worth \$10 million. It has been a rough and tortuous ride. But it has brought Bodrug's firm into the energy area which is attracting growing attention today, both in government and in the private sector. Canadian discoveries of the vast reserves of oil, known to be beneath parts of Alberta and Saskatchewan.

There is thought to be a trillion barrels of heavy oil in the Alberta tar sands alone, a greater concentration of hydrocarbons than anywhere else on earth, as much as all the rest of the world's proved and probable reserves put together. But heavy oil is difficult to extract and expensive to convert into usable form. For years the oil companies have been looking about on top of this tar-sandling between like cats in a room, basically trying to figure out a way of getting it out. Even in the tech-minded Lloydminster field, Canada's largest tar sands recovery plant, about 7% of the 200 million barrels on its land (the field's total reserves are more than 16 billion barrels) would be worth close to \$100 million net revenue. Bodrug is hoping that a new method involving upgrading tar sands into underground water will do the trick.

Canadian Hydrogen is the newest of four companies investors want to go to the oil fields in the oil fields. The others are Husky Oil Limited, Murphy Oil Company Ltd., and Canadian Refining Oil & Gas Ltd. It is also the most leveraged: it employs more debt relative to its assets and, if the essential interest payments are met, creditors enjoy a higher return. Hydrogen stock has risen from \$1.02 to a high of \$2.96 this year, but that's not enough for Bodrug. He wants to raise another \$10 million dollars equity to retire bank debt and finance the new project through a rights offering when the stock reaches \$4 dollars. There have been rumors of a take-over because of its heavy oil assets. However, Bodrug is still actively in search of an offer of five dollars a share for his 35% controlling interest.

Unfortunately, like many small western companies, Canadian Hydrogen is little known in the East. "Hoggy Street is

quietest," observed Bodrug rudely, while on a recent week-long Toronto trip to solve the problem. But he has been able to solve this and of Public Industrial Resources Limited and Frank Kaplan, a well-known former Finance Post writer, to help him. A seminar with potential investors was hosted by stockbrokers McMillan and Co. Ltd. and Bodrug broke deals with Murphy Gordon, head of Montreal-based Gordon Securities Limited, which was about to release a study of the heavy oil situation, and which had taken a position in the stock itself (Gordon is one of the few small firms willing to assume this risk). The work went quickly.

Bodrug himself is a life saver, and even in Calgary he is still being carefully assessed. His company metamorphosed into a heavy oil specialist only recently (late 1973), it was basically a machine and people, distributor, with heavy exports. But with Olympic targeted for more human suffering, Ottawa disavowed the business overnight by banning corporate presence. Canadian Hydrogen had failed to secure a private placement or an expensive public offering of capital in its new tank cars. Other observers speak highly of Bodrug. And there is general

Bodrug investor shopping in Toronto, but Evan still sees the West as a field



praise for his new corporate strategy, which has attracted deal of Saskatchewan heavy oil lands, where there are also oil deposits and even indications of increasing conventional exploration. It is interesting the ever present threat of a real jackpot.

The industry was a man Bodrug's head from a steady state figure with a gentle, buttoned face, he is not at all explaining that he will not allow it to be able to see his son, a Winnipeg-based salesman with Midland-Doherty Limited on his way home. (Bodrug's third marriage has just ended.) His stock is down 20% on the week. But Bodrug knows it will be a long struggle. He is a truly complex figure. The dogged qualities of the Pioneer East European immigrants. The professionalist's statistics of more-judging the surface and training to be a window carpenter, visiting Bodrug on the road to his engineering degree. The course in the Canadian oil industry, and the debatable ability of the stock market to respond with capital for the right area. But most of all, perhaps with his 3,000-acre ranch bordering Calgary he is a symbol of the new self-sufficient society in the West, though up like him by the post-20 dollar a year in the oil business, and now achieving the fullness of the continent. PETER BARNETT

Trevino didn't really win the Open. Glen Abbey just beat him less than the others

Sports column by Michael Posner

By the time he walked off this green at Glen Abbey, late last month, Lee Trevino had the Canadian Open virtually in his pocket. He had cut holes to play and a few under-par leads he was about to squander. Stranger things have happened on a golf course, but Trevino's reputation for cracking under pressure is limited strictly to players. "Boy, something funny, Lee," declared an under-par 10 in the gallery. Trevino wheeled then obliging: "You're right," he remarked. Even the voters laughed.

History will record—assuming history will exist at all about golf tournaments—that the 46th Canadian Open was won by this same grumpy Texan. Trevino led the field from opening day, finished with an eminently respectable eight under par 216, was awarded a ponderous bulk of genuine sportsmanlike prizes for money, art and other more graciously produced a cheque for \$40,000, courtesy of a manufacturer of car windows and other substances hazardous to health.

In fact, even Trevino acknowledged the total bewilderment of the 1977 Canadian Open was Glen Abbey itself: a 1700-yard layout stamped with Jack Nicklaus' signature and the imprimatur of the world's best golfers. For four days, the Professional Golf Association's touring pros paid homage to the course, mostly in ways they choose not to remember—by losing two balloons, dropping over green and generally flailing away at the hole where ball with all the grace and precision of carpenter's nails.

Consider, for example, Gary Cleveland. In 1976, Gordie, Ben was more than \$250,000 on the tour. He won three tournaments, was runner-up three times, and in 30 PGA events missed the cut just once. Gordie Nicklaus, himself, carried more money. At Glen Abbey, now the permanent home of the Canadian Open, Cleveland opened with an eight over par 38 then added an under par the following day for an 84, one of the highest scores recorded. He was on a first trip home.

Consider George Archer, whose career earnings stand poised for a strike at the legendary million dollar mark. Archer's first round 86 gave him a share of second place. But Glen Abbey on opening day was a coy and treacherous lady. Her pro photographers were meeting, their greens, ranked to the worst keeping in the sun, did not yet open the ball at the speed of light. Her winds were stiff. Twenty-five golfers broke par on opening day, and in some quarters, there were murmurs about the course being, perhaps too easy. That was a good one. The



Trevino: It's all how you play the wind

final rounds. During the last two days of play, only 23 golfers broke par. "We had the wind blow at Glen Abbey," George Cleveland had predicted, "you will be golden." Cleveland himself, whose putters are roughly as accurate as footballs, though not as lethal, scored a creditable but ultimately unsatisfying 291 score. He summed up his own (and most other) performance succinctly: "The course went again."

For winning a professional golf tournament is less a matter of beating other golfers than it is of beating the course. Trevino did just that. For to greet his game was not invincible, but steady. He never collapsed or once appeared as falter. He bogged one hole, he frequently finished the next. His wind play was flawless. "I am probably the best wind player in the world," he allowed afterwards.

On the greens, Trevino was equally efficient. He sank 52 putts during the last two rounds. "I won," he confessed later, "with my sand wedge and my putter."

And he won easily. Trevino took care of his own game and Glen Abbey looked after the corporation. His opening round 67 gave him a new course record and a new stroke advantage. He walked out to three strokes the next day and when he teed up on Sunday, with a gallery of more than 10,000 looking on, he had a comfortable six-stroke lead.

Comfortable, but not insurmountable. A low breeze by Nicklaus or Tom Kite or Tom Weiskopf, and a few sloppy bogeys by Trevino and the Canadian Open might have suggested the moment is so easily laced. In fact, Kite threatened a challenge early on, finishing the first two holes, while Trevino held the third. Now that the shot that had threatened to drive him then Kite begged the fifth and his charge finished. Later, Peter Costello, the ultimate runner-up, mounted a short run, but he too never came within real striking distance.

"I kept watching the leader bogey waiting to see these guys make a name," Trevino said. "But nothing was happening. I was playing behind Nicklaus and he couldn't buy a put!" Of course Glen Abbey wasn't doing much selling.

In the end, Trevino thanked "all those competitors who fell over dead to let me win," and issued far the greatest his new Eskimo sculpture. It depicted a man wrestling with a whale and seemed somewhat appropriate to the events of the week. The shade of Glen Abbey had vanquished the assembly of champions, and only Lee Trevino had survived.

Closeup: Sports

The latest kick

Canada has discovered soccer—with a passion

By Rick Boulton

She's four-foot-two and weighs 80 pounds. Wearing soccer boots, she's paid out a yellow elastic band and to keep her hair from swinging in her face, she has wires across the field in pattern of the hair. She doesn't cost much to dress. At 10, Kim Cunningham is already a three-year veteran of the Timewind Tigers of the Calgary Minor Soccer Association, boys-nine division. "It's fun to play because you can run for the whole game," says Kim. "And I'm starting to learn how to head the ball. It's way more fun than baseball or hockey." In July, Kim and her Tiger teammates were part of the second annual Calgary Girls' International Soccer Tournament, in which some 44 girls' teams (700 players) went after the ball with heads, knees and feet.

The name of the game is football, soccer in North America (the Indians call it *akochon*—the kick) and it is booming. Organized youth soccer has tripled in the past five years and big-league Canadian pro soccer has started to make a name for itself. Toronto's team, the Metro Crews, is defending champion of the 18-team North American Soccer League (NASL), the first Canadian winner in the league's history. Another Vancouver team, the West's other Canadian team, the Whitecaps, is well on its way to become Canada's professional World Cup team. In October, Canada's team heads for Mexico to defend the qualifier for soccer's quadrennial World Cup in Argentina next summer—the first time in history this country has reached the second round of qualification play.

But if pro soccer is doing well, youth soccer is really surging. In Calgary alone there are 300 boys' and 70 girls' teams. "This sport is grabbing the kids like crazy," says Bill Mills, chairman of the Calgary girls' tournament. "It reflects their interest in playing sports, not just watching. In Newfoundland, some recreation leaders report that soccer has long replaced baseball as the summer game for kids. 'They're having a ball,'" says Peter Sestak, assistant secretary of the Canadian Youth Soccer Association. Overall, some 125,000 youngsters are registered with the Canadian Youth Soccer Association, but that figure doesn't include church leagues, y programs and youngsters organized only on local levels. Though still in the infant stage, minor hockey has three times as many registered players as the fastest growing little league sport in the country.



Cunningham using her head, and Podd has made her too young and never too old

"Soccer is lacking little league baseball in the north," says John McMahon, manager of Canada's World Cup soccer team. "Too many kids in baseball sit on the bench or stand in the outfield watching fans." Ten years ago McMahon, who runs a large soccer supply store in Toronto, was selling 500 soccer balls a year, mostly in Ontario. Now he has agents "from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Victoria," selling soccer balls, equipment and uniforms and has already sold 5,200 soccer balls this year. Nine years ago Eric King, executive director of the Canadian Soccer Association in Ottawa, was teacher training at Stokess' Even Handy College and

taught. The soccer team there was struggling because only players who couldn't make the football team went out for soccer. Now it's reversed, says King. "There are two soccer teams representing the school and the football coach is saying 'Give me anyone you can find from the soccer team.' We need them just to form a football team." King says the summer leagues springing up everywhere are in fact leading to a boom in the schools. "Kids who play in the summer don't just forget soccer. They tell their teachers in the fall, 'We want to play soccer, not the other stuff.'"

There are any number of reasons for the growth of soccer among Canadian young-

sters. The game is inexpensive: all you really need is a ball (which costs from eight dollars to \$60) and a school can outfit a entire soccer team for the price of one football captain. Also, soccer is known as a "safe" sport because the injury rate is incredibly low compared to football and hockey. Senko, who has coached youth teams for 15 years, has seen soccer tears as injury a boy who dislocated his shoulder, which had been previously dislocated playing another sport. He says most parents find the safety factor one of the game's strongest attractions, closely followed by the superb conditioning it provides, often just one soccer's play results in astounding development in the legs arms.

Lately, the stars of soccer players is legendary Brian Budd, a star with the Vancouver Whitecaps and scorer of the winning goal for Canada against the U.S. World Cup team in December, recently won the Canadian Sportsman competition, which pits athletes in a number of sports against each other, shows the style. Soccer officials, of course, were not surprised. Kyle Rose Jr., star forward of the team's Delta Tornados, has won the U.S. Sportsman competition a record three times.

The rampant nature of the game provides a special bonus: it is virtually impossible for parents to interfere in a soccer match, so few kids are turned off by parents (or coaches) who give too much criticism during the game, as in little league baseball and hockey. The youngsters also seem to enjoy the wide variety of skills needed to master the game. "Even if you're a little guy you can be better than the big guy," says one 14-year-old. "There's lots of things you can learn to get past someone with the ball." Kids seem to like the emphasis on coordination and skill—things they can develop instead of size and strength.

This summer several new matches involving the two Canadian teams have been scheduled, and Eric King, Canadian coach, like a lot of soccer fans, spent her Saturday afternoon watching them. The glitzy nature of the league, however, is still the New York Cosmos, boasting imported soccer star Fiki (the acrobatic Brazilian who has scored more goals than anyone in soccer history), Franz Beckenbauer of West Germany ("Kaiser Franz") to lure the world over, he signed for a reported \$2.8 million over four seasons, and Giorgio Chinaglia (whose first club in his native Rome has more than 21,000 paid-up members). In mid July, the Cosmos lured another foreign star into the fold: Canada's Robert Larnau. A university student majoring in physical education who learned his love for soccer in Toronto, Larnau is considered so talented that McMahon called him in to be the Cosmos "a great long forward for the development of Canadian soccer." Ready to replace Larnau on the Metro-Crossa was 18-year-old Keith Steele of Winnipeg, a star of Canada's national youth team.



Budd: If you don't believe he's Canada's top pro athlete, suggest an alternative.

Such happenings seem proof that the world's favorite game is finally producing homegrown athletes to rival the imports. Not even soccer Phil Weinstein, who estimates that about 60% of soccer fans are women, says it's becoming the new football sport as well as the only pro sport that's growing. "With all these kids at the bottom," says Weinstein, "it won't be long before their numbers are showing up at college and pro levels." Anticipating the growth, the league plans to go to 32 teams by 1993.

Despite all this swelling enthusiasm, soccer in Canada and Vancouver have sometimes lagged this season. Why? Partly because of strong competition from some pro leagues with large ethnic followings. Soccer in North America has yet to overcome a lingering identity crisis because, until recently, most of the youngsters who played soccer were immigrants or children of immigrants. On the professional level, the old country character of soccer still dominates. The Cosmos' owner, of the Metro-Crossa, for example, has adamantly refused proposals to drop the ethnic reference in the team name. But things are changing. Although the Cosmos has long depended on imported players, a rule now requires each team to carry at least one Canadian or American player—and, somehow, respectable teams are still being formed. In the last five years hundreds of players, drivers, coaches, managers, referees and officials have stepped forward—most of them people who previously knew nothing about the game. "We'll soon be in good in the European," predicts Peter Rose, 21-year-old member of the Metro-Crossa and part of the new wave. "Canadian soccer doesn't have to take a back seat to anybody, and our kids coming up through the youth leagues will prove it."

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Health

Cerebral palsy: can the incurable be made less unbearable?

Joan Bush's birth was that one in 500 somewhere: the umbilical cord wrapped around the child's neck, choking her, cutting off the oxygen supply to her brain. Thirteen years later, Joan remains confined to a grey metal wheelchair. Until recently his movements were only his speech full of groans, his perfectly normal. Joan, like some 30,000 other Canadians, is a victim of cerebral palsy, severely crippled in his own muscle-splastic body. This July the Ontario youth was one of the first Canadians to undergo a surgical operation that promises degrees of improvement for the otherwise incurable disease. Says Dr. Enrique Vera, one of two Ontario neurosurgeons at the Children's Hospital of Eastern Ontario who performed the surgery: "If there is any hope in this time, this operation is the only hope we have." But that hope may be delayed for other cerebral palsy victims. For one thing, doctors have criticized the technique. And, for another, the Ontario Health Insurance Plan refuses to pay for it.



Boys, post-implant, and therapist. Since childhood, for him, no change is better.

The young boy's progress is expected to improve steadily for the next six months, after which it will level off. Researchers at the hospital don't expect the equipment should get worse and the operation need not be repeated. The cerebral palsy procedure is not a new idea. Higher years ago experiments with animals showed that electrical stimulation of the brain would reduce muscle spasms. But it was not until five years ago that Dr. Irving Cooper, a New York neurosurgeon, was able to devise the cerebral palsy procedure. To date, Cooper has performed more than 300 operations with the palsy procedure, and concludes that 75% of cerebral palsy patients improved significantly. More specifically, if cerebral palsy is divided into four stages of disability, each patient who receives an implant progresses to one stage. A small step to a cerebral observer, but a giant leap toward self reliance for the cerebral palsy victim.

Though Cooper's cerebral palsy procedure surgery has been performed in centres across the United States and more recently at the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto, some doctors remain skeptical of the results. They are cautious of encouraging false hopes of miracle cures. Dr. Robert Lee, professor of neurology at the University of Calgary, asked the surgeons of other colleagues when he saw that Cooper "this technology is almost re-

sists that don't stand up to careful scientific scrutiny."

Says Dr. Robert Cohen, director of pediatric neurology at Varsity Children's Hospital in Miami, Florida: "The problem is you can't say this is black and this is white. We're talking about degrees of improvement. It's not like a one-size-fits-all cure."

But Cooper, who has fought for acceptance in the past and come out on top, shrugs off such criticism. He is convinced he has, at last, the means of quantitatively measuring improvement after the operation, thanks to Dr. Adam Upton, a neurologist from McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario. Upton has devised a method of using specialized computers to electrically assess changes in the brain. When he tested it on 50 of Cooper's patients, including a March-born teen, Upton says he found "respectable, objective changes when the stimulator was on." Cooper, with Upton's assistance, is now working with the International Cerebral Palsy Association in New York to determine the most precise scientific needs. He is also trying to determine which cerebral palsy victims it best suited to the operation.

"If done on all victims of cerebral palsy, very few would be helped," says Cooper.

For an implantation, there are many types of cerebral palsy. The two Ontario neurosurgeons, like Cooper, will be working in the coming months to determine which types can best be helped by the procedure. But, because their work is still considered experimental, the Ontario public health insurance plan will not cover the \$2,300 cost of the operation. This means that private funds will be sought and many operations are delayed for funds. In the United States, where the same operation can cost up to \$1,000, law suits have been filed against private insurance companies. They also refuse to pay up, claiming the operation is still in the experimental stage.

The operation is a coding for Joan Bush, who may have been disappointed when there were no overnight miracles with the stimulator. Only with patience over the next six months, will he notice gradual improvement. But he is willing to wait—in a wheelchair on the side of his wheelchair says, "Don't let a little stay cool." For patients who come after him, the cerebral palsy procedure could have even more dramatic results. Says Cooper: "Our machine is just like the plane that Lindbergh flew from New York to Paris—it's right in the very beginning."

—JANIS LAMBERT

Energy

A little engine that can. Can what? Do everything and do it better

The gas jockey has to go, car manufacturers know it, governments insist on it, even jockey levers admit it if gradually. The problem has always been when to replace it with. Faced with energy-wasteful but essential cars, boats and planes, most manufacturers have suggested otherwise sources of energy—everything from sugar cane alcohol to uranium. Not much has been said about improving the engine itself, which only uses about 27% of the energy available in fuel. It's not that novel thought of it, they just didn't know how. Now, finally, Whiting aeronautical engineer Haken Kraussman has come up with an answer: the K-Cycle engine.

Why does the K-Cycle engine ("K" is for Kraussman) use fuel twice as efficiently as conventional engines? It is also lighter and more compact, produces less pollution and meets noise level standards without the benefit of a muffler. Kraussman, a confident Kraussman, "80-95% of vehicles in North America were powered by K-Cycle engines, the savings in fuel alone



The K-Cycle (patented), and compared with a standard engine: light and lively

would be equal to the entire yearly petroleum consumption in Canada in 1993 (approximately seven billion gallons)." Wright, a confident Kraussman, "80-95% of vehicles in North America were powered by K-Cycle engines, the savings in fuel alone

however or produce. It requires no valves and only one spark plug, yet has the potential of nearly doubling a car's mileage. Light pistons operate on the economy fuel-mixing principle: unlike compression, power stroke and exhaust. But instead of moving up and down in their shafts at uniform lengths the pistons are powered by a cam shaped like a roller coaster. It forces the piston up and down at varying lengths so that the power stroke can be as much as five times longer than the intake stroke. The result: a more efficient use of fuel.

Having spent five years developing the engine, Kraussman wants to spend a few more selling it and improving its efficiency. Already, the project has cost \$250,000, but further expenses will be paid through a grant from the National Research Council and, he hopes, by selling shares in his company, Kraussman Cycle Engine Ltd. He has made up his mind about anything: "I want total plant control of my product."

—RONALD WOLKOFF

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SKYLINE

Science

Space: the beginning has just ended, and the end is just beginning



Working in the timelessness of an unending vacuum they lie silent and forgotten. Years have slipped by since they were abandoned by departing space shuttles, yet the debris of those Apollo missions remains undisturbed for eternity on the arid moon, silently biding man's remarkable achievement. Now, propped on those ruins, man is preparing to go back into space—perhaps forever. Throughout the coming decade a fleet of huge spacegliders will ferry men and women to and from earth or to as regularly as four or five times a month. These missions will lead the way to the permanent occupancy of space.

The rise of this otherworldly adventure, the Space Shuttle Orbiter (above), does not seem like a space ship—it looks more like a hairy jet liner—but in action it will be at once maneuvering in space as gliding home through the earth's atmosphere. Throbbing from the launching pad with the assistance of two reusable rocket boosters, the orbiter and its seven passengers will slip the bonds of earth and journey into the infinity of space. Then, at the completion of weeks-long missions, the craft will come astonishing back into the atmosphere at 30 times the speed of sound and sail safely in a conventional runway landing. The Telespex, the first of these half-billion-dollar spacegliders, is sched-

uled to make its maiden flight on August 12. At that time the orbiter, which so far has only been flight-tested strapped like a passenger to the back of a converted 747, will be not loose for a five-minute glide down 32,000 feet to a landing in California's Mojave Desert.

The big drawing card of the space shuttle program, suggested for a premiere early in 1990, is a drastic reduction in the cost of operating in space. Unlike the "heretofore" days of previous space programs, the theme of the ultimate is recycling: each orbiter can be reused up to 100 times. Furthermore, its convenient cargo bay (which can safely accommodate a cryo-bag it can haul into orbit as staggering 113 tons of equipment. Courtesy is the basis of launching satellites aimed to reap the benefits of that, the world's most sophisticated tracking system. Precision-launch probes brought about by the shuttle (plus or four satellites can now be taken into space with each launch) will spawn more and better satellite communications.

Much of the success of the satellite aspect of the program will be determined right here in the country. Asda has entrusted Canada with the task of providing the equipment that will deploy the satellites from the cargo bay. A 50-foot-long "arm" called the Remote Manipulator

A solar-powered satellite, 22,000 miles up, made feasible by the coming of the space shuttle. The sky is not the limit

System (jaws) will be attached to the side of the cargo bay at the "shoulder" joint to operate as an extension of the arm of a crew member. It will scoop up failed or malfunctioning satellites from their orbits and repair them on the spot or return them to earth for servicing. This waste satellite trail to cost millions of dollars a piece, the shuttle's role as an orbiting junk truck should prove invaluable. Canada is footing the \$70 million bill for the first of the mechanical arms, which are being developed and manufactured by a consortium of Canadian companies headed by Spar Aerospace Products Ltd. of Toronto.

The backbone of the new era is exploration. Exploration will take a back seat to the business of exploiting space for the benefit of the folk back home on earth. Space is now considered more as a workshop than an alien environment to be explored. Thrill-seeking is part of the gradual industrialization of space in a compact flying laboratory called SpaceLab, which will be carried into orbit in the shuttle's cargo bay. There, hundreds of miles above earth researchers from many nations—indeed, it is expected, Canada—will work on

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an array of experiments that could revolutionize science, medicine and technology. At a cost of more than \$300 million, SpaceLab is being provided by the European Space Agency under an arrangement with NASA similar to Canada's. Its principal mission is to capitalize on one of the most fascinating properties of space: weightlessness (and reverse). Experience has shown that these two properties, which cannot be reproduced on earth, can lead to breakthroughs in scientific disciplines.

In Canada, Dr. Kenneth Murray and Dr. Richard Marleau of Toronto are in the running to be the first Canadian ever to travel into space (a decision will be made

later this year). These men and two colleagues from McGill University in Montreal, Dr. Geoffrey Mitchell Jones and Professor Douglas Watt, are part of a U.S.-Canada team selected by NASA to investigate why people become sick and disoriented in the weightlessness of space. These astronauts will certainly often like their stay already pointing the way to their greater projects. As early as 1983 NASA will launch a 10-ton space telescope to expand the observable volume of the universe 300 times. Also proposed: permanent space habitats to preserve properties of space for solar research; a nuclear solar power station three miles wide and seven km in circumference.

These visions satellite to powerful ideas could be used for personal communication via a Disk Tray videotape reader and, ultimately, space cities.

The space shuttle promises success: previous space endeavors never hoped to achieve. Sadly, though, some of the resources has been lost. Gone are the days when sober professionals shuddered the world as they floated, gently with euphoria on the dusty surface of the moon. The image of the lunar man as if for practicality over adventure, economy over pragmatism, most important, solid reality—reality that can be used and appreciated by the gazing public.

ALAN BIRLEY

The void: could you live there?

Five days' journey from earth 10,000 space colonists congregate in a horizontal world one mile wide. Their major task: to construct a continuous satellite life support station which catches the sun's rays and beams them down to earth for conversion to electricity. Though specially trained, the colonists cannot escape the fact that the new country is an artificial, hermetically sealed "wheel" constructed, actually, from one named on the moon. They know they are vulnerable to a psychological affliction known as Solitar Syndrome, a disorder asphyxiated brought on by excessive order. They have learned that what is precious in a middle-order world is the unpredictable: children, animals, things that live and grow.

Their new world may strike loose memories of Star Wars: the latest in galaxy-scale sci-fi, or even 2001: A Space Odyssey, but it has moved far closer to reality than Hollywood. Space Settlements, a recently published study on the feasibility of space colonization, describes a flourishing colony in painstaking detail. The authors of the report—28 U.S. scientists, engineers, sociologists and economists—call on the United States to push forward space colonization now. They see space habitation as "a hope for humanity" and an inevitable outgrowth of NASA's space shuttle program, which will give man easy access to space by the 1980s. Their study is a blueprint of how man should take up residence in space.

Propelling Space Settlements even closer to reality is a recent agreement between the Soviet Union and NASA in which a joint committee was formed to explore the possibility of establishing an international space station. The station would be parked in earth orbit to begin the research necessary before space cities can be built. As for space colonization providing a hope for humanity, though, there may be a long wait: the first colony will take 22 years to build. And the cost? A mere \$100 billion.

ALAN BIRLEY

Art

Out of the minds of babes

"Everyone feels better when they look at kids' pictures," says Betty Nickerson, who has exhibited more than 15,000 children's paintings since 1955. "They put the world in perspective." The trouble is that in a world of one to 10 in the public's appreciation (just as annual health children's art society across around means there—down

with painting by numbers and everyone else's home movies). For Nickerson—the unquenchable inquisitor and founder of All About Us, a nonprofit organization which publishes and promotes Canadian children's art and writing—this is a sorry state of affairs. And to whom should earlier this year by the Department of External Affairs to exhibit 50 paintings to the Seventh World Exhibition of Children's Art in Tokyo, she quickly agreed.

The results are now in—and the young Canadians did very well. Of the 50 exhibits sent were awarded major prizes. Shavanna Green, eight of Brandon, Manitoba (where farm come a reproduced here), and Jean-François Green, 12, from Quebec, won gold medals among six eleven-year-olds for their painting by Roy Borden. 12, Whitehorse, Yukon, and the landscape by André Laverdière, 14, Montreal, and a special award for excellence went to Brenda Denko's "Imagined Colored Elephants." Brenda comes from Vancouver, Alberta, and she is six. By contrast, Ireland won one special, one gold and two silver. Mexico won special, three silver, Brazil (from 99 paintings) one special.

coal one gold, nine silver. All told, the competition exhibited 159,191 paintings from 54 countries, and the winners are now on tour in Japan.

Despite the success, Nickerson herself does not stress the talent of the children. She chose two pictures for the contest from every province and territory, though the

over the benevolent landscape. "Even though they paint and write about their country with enormous love," says Nickerson, "there's a new question—where are I going?—that was never there before." She attributes this "real-life stress of a country falling apart in the system."

Sadly, young world-beating artists are being hampered by cuts in school arts and an budget that restricts art almost to a hobby. Ninety-eight art teachers graduated from the University of Toronto this year. 12 to far have found work. Says John Emerson, past president of the Canadian Society for Education through Art: "There's still this feeling that art is something you do if you have time or money left over."

Typically, then, Nickerson and her five-member staff at All About Us are strapped for money; their new journal, an information project for Canadian schools, recently had to suspend publication. It will not be resumed, presumably, by those adults who ask what are kids' art in the first place—and how many child artists, anyway, continue painting post puberty? Such views, so far from Betty Nickerson's view that personal achievement is as vital for youngsters as it is for their parents, demand a view she made in an Ottawa debate. She recognized her as a young artist she had once known in Winnipeg. "Still proud," she smiled. "But, to make sure, captured," but everything he paints looks like a child.

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Green's "Palm Beach" (above), Laverdière's "Landscape With Bridge" and Denko's "Falling Camp" (below) among winners

art from Alberta. For instance, was better than that from New Brunswick (where art instruction is sketchy). Notes Nickerson: "We're quite unaccustomed to what kids do."

And young Canadian artists are saying a lot. Generally they paint a positive world filled with sunshine and gentle beauty. The work of Shavanna's painting in her recent work coming into Nickerson's Ottawa office—supplied by more than 100 Canadian children—was Brazil (from 99 paintings) one special.



Theatre

If the folks are restive in Lennoxville it doesn't show on stage

Few drama festivals anywhere seem so outwardly secure, as attractively right, as Festival Lennoxville. There, in the quaintly garreted town (population 4,000) settled by United Empire Loyalists, is a rustic control around the comfortably snug 585-seat theatre within Bishop's University's old brick walls, surrounded by people and walled courts where visitors may relax between shows, and supported—hard-tenured—by the benevolence of wealthy English Quebecers. It is an anomaly and the many joys of Quebec nationalism in Canada's largest and most successful festival devoted entirely to English-language Canadian theatre—and though it's doing as well this summer as it has ever done in its six years' existence, there's an uneasy feeling that after the Fête Québécoise victory tonight will be quite the same for the festival again.

But for the moment most of the audience are laughing on cue. The festival's diet is lighter and fresher than year after last year's more ravaging diet couldn't properly compete with the Olympic games in Montreal. The anglophone audiences clearly wanted more fun, and festival founder-director Bill Davis has responded with a choice of comedies and a thriller to counterbalance his own "horror" production. "There's conservatism everywhere these days," Davis explains. "People are no longer going to be homophobic groups—they're joggling the joggling."

The director's pragmatic approach is the main reason for Festival Lennoxville's success. By the time its two-month season closes August 21, it will have attracted an estimated 160,000 visitors—and by selling an all-Canadian product many claim is hard to market Davis moves with the needs of his audience. Last year *The Green Horse Of Cleopatra* by Vancouver's Henschel Hurdin was a flop, and at least partly responsible for the festival's lowest attendance of about 14,000. "People didn't want to be reminded that greed and ignorance were still that civilization offend the Indians," Davis says.

This year three quarters of the program is devoted to helping people forget. At a thriller by Edmonton's Lesley Howard that's already been bought by a New York producer; A Compulsive Officer, a comedy about police; another by Vancouver playwright, and *Joyeux de Dieu* (pronounced shroo-dee), by Vancouver's Boaz Lachert, the may sex comedy that was a smash at Lennoxville last summer



Maurice in 'Marie-Louise' isn't merely a fine play but a fine bit of politics

and will be making a seven-city eastern tour next month. The season's heavy is Michel Tremblay's *Forever Young*, Marie-Louise, a symbolic tale of a frigid Quebec housewife and her wry-wit-worship husband.

Davis, 78, with 30 years' theatre experience behind him, conceived the festival while teaching drama at Bishop's. He wanted to fill a double void: both the lack of English summer theatre in Québec, and the lack of mid-range theatre anywhere de-

voted to developing Canadian repertoire. Certainly the November 15 Québec elections have underlined the fact that the festival's relationship with French Quebec is not all it might be. The Canada Council's support is \$10,000 but the Fête Québécoise still hasn't decided whether it will continue the province's \$150,000 grant. Thus the decision to stage Marie-Louise, with a star-filled cast of French Quebecers for the first English version Tremblay is spearheaded in Québec, was not taken lightly.

For her part, Monique Mercure, who was the recent co-winner of the best-act-

ress award at Cannes and plays Marie-Louise, was worried that she might not be able to portray the bitchy, depressed housewife in a way her Lacanville audiences would understand. "We need make the audience realize why she's like that," she says, "why her husband can't do anything." A polite, sunny woman, Mercure adds to explain the character. "Under all, it's the natural question."

Mercur's friends were worried about her performance, which has been widely praised ("shattering and emotionally draining," wrote *Montreal's* *News-Press* Jeanne Fortin). But the Montreal *Quotidien* is giving the festival some cause for worry. For Davis, Lennoxville is part of a cross-Canada theatre scene. An independent Québecer will know what stake his festival quite rightly has.

Least we forgot

Five years ago the Charlottetown Festival's Alan Land was one of the few people in Canada who knew who the Dumbells were. In their heyday—the late Tans and early Twenties—they were one of the most famous acts in North America. Fifty years later they had passed into Canadian oral tradition history and were thus, like the rest of our history, forgotten. But Land '35 the festival's artistic director kept turning the Dumbells around in his mind. "What a missed they'd make," he said, more than once. "Some day I'm going to do a show about them." The result is *The Legend Of The Dumbells*, a wonderfully high spirited and mocking musical tribute to their memory. It has been the surprise hit of the Charlottetown season (opening through September 20) and is currently running only slightly behind *Some Of Green Gables*, the perennial furore now in its 12th year.

Notes Land: "The Dumbells' story is the closest thing to a show business legend Canada has had"—and the musical is as faithful to the facts as a musical can be. The facts start with Marion Plunkett, a grocer from Orford, Quebec who was sent overseas in World War I with the rank of honorary captain, a brainy patriot, and the task of raising morale among Canadian troops. Quickly frustrated by the reality of trying to convince shell-shocked men that there was anything in war shows, Plunkett decided to broaden his appeal. Enlisting the aid of eight soldiers from the Paschaudville trenches (1917), he set to producing a compact, infinitely topical and irreverent comic strip—called it after the slogan of the Canadian Army Third Division. Their first paired program dropped one of the 8's from "dumbbells" and they stayed muffled for the next dozen years.

In fact the Dumbells got off to a rocky first few weeks. And then Marion was when Plunkett suddenly noticed that the one thing battle-weary soldiers needed more than a laugh was the sight of a woman. Into the breach, and in the time-



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Feldman and young look-alike who plays him as a kid in 'Glee': Her eyes have it

ers are huge. Like the half dozen *Ipsumes* seen that unfold broken from the gym ceiling around Henry, symbolically crushing him. All month beautifully with the acting and the script (by Ibsen, and his father) to deliver the impact of a much bigger and more obviously ambitious movie. At its end, audiences are breaking into applause, even at mistakes—and understandably. **A+ (M)**

RAG-NEWS BEARS IN BREAKING TRAINING
 COORDINATED BY MICHAEL PETERSEN

There is something pathetic about kids who are made to play miniature adults—something that Hollywood has never been able to resist in its best moments, much less in desperate ones. Which is what we have here. *Breaking Training* is a cynosoidally desecrated, scaled-down model of all those stories of how a plucky teen coached/quarterbacked by Bert Reynolds or any of his clones picks itself up from the gutter to win the Big Game.

The Bears' big break is a game at the Houston Astrodome: an opportunity this gang of foul-mouthed scrippers won't let through their crooked knife fingers so that this time—unlike the original—they come through with everything but the chains are rusted from everyone's consciences.

victory, no type of offspring outweighed still less any minority. The tension-reducer—mild-mannered, Italian, black, Jew and Irish—must have been compiled by computer, maybe the one that selected the situations, devised the plotline anxiety, and wrote the gags (relying again on the notion that children talking dirty are irresistible). This time there's no Tatum O'Neal, and William Devane makes a poor replacement for Walter Matthau. But for such a calculated film it hardly matters that it never

ORCA: THE KILLER WHALE
Directed by Michael Anderson
R16

Music

And the beat goes on

One day last month 13-year-old Andrew Kozak and his brother Scott, eight, were browsing through a rack of Beatles albums in a Calgary record store. "I liked the Beatles better when they were together," mused Andrew. "The songs were slower, they had more meaning."

The Beatles were about to break up when Andrew was four; the year Scott was born. Yet the Kersh brothers are among the millions of all ages (up to about 31) who are bringing Beatlemania back with a snub—not that it ever went very far away. Two brand-new Beatles albums have recently been produced: *The Beatles At The Hollywood Bowl* (1966 \$5), from hitherto unpressed tapes, is about to "turn platinum" (one million copies sold) and an even older collection of rarities (*Beatles—My Records! Records and More!* from Hamburg's Star Club) is also a major snub. In the works, a sequel to Beatle's love song

But records say just the beginning. A

After the initial press junket, the *Boyz n the City* crew will start shooting in the fall for four more news stories. Although only Peter Frampton and the Bee Gees have been officially signed, the film is shaping up as a rock 'n' roll fest. Many major rock stars went aboard, even to play second fiddle. Among them are Elton John and Rod Stewart. The Beatles themselves are rumored to be appearing—and if that proves false, like so many Beatles rumors,

On stage the *Bratwurst* multi-media musical is already off and running, playing

Peut, Khye, Orange and Jule in 1992. Mustangs just ain't what it used to be.

to talk about issues on Broadway. The show traces the group's history from the assassination of President Kennedy and the Beatles' arrival in North America, through their psychedelic experiments with drugs, to the final breakup at the end of the decade. All of this takes place in the form of four unknown Beatles pretendors (only one of them, Mark Wessman as Paul McCartney, is a look-alike) who perform Beatles' tunes in front of a barrage of strobes, flash 4,000 slides, and a giant electrical ticker tape spewing out headlines from Vietnam to

Ten on the periphery the water wash up some quiet forests. Although a recent visitor to London of Berlin which people are not as typical flag, the North American version of the Belemstein it does not such extent of three-waste ownership of the Fair Four playing their own money (going price \$200 per recording). And earlier this year an obscure group called Kilnara roused the benefits of significance that they were actually the reunited Beatles they live whom has sold almost 500 000 copies. It isn't bad one but as soon as it became known they were in fact a quartet from Toronto, interest dropped to a trickle.

All of which begs the question: Why has the Mount lasted so long? No such question will pursue the Rising Stones or the Whites when they meet. David Farrell, of *Canoe and Arrow Wind* magazine, believes the answer is a combination of exposure and complicity: "The people who grew up with the Beatles' music perpetrate the legend," Farrell suggests. "Many of them are in the media." For the younger set, the Beatles "have an appeal similar to the Moonies or the Run Boy Rollies—their music is good, clean fun."

well a long time—then they're that glad to see you, they don't care what you do."

It will be even clearer if they don't restate it all. Newsday is much kinder than reality.

—JOHN SAKABANTO



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Is it that your government loves you less, or that it just loves Big Business more?

Column by Allan Fotheringham

Canadians are sustained largely by their tiny, inept, corruptly complacent, and self-indulgent government. As an example, there is a delightful myth in that country that the lobbyist—the *fixeur*, *Parvito*—is the standard corollary of Washington and as a foreign asset in private Ottawa. It is one of the lowliest delusions of westerners.

One of the best samples of the underestimated power of the lobbyist is the intriguing story of how the business community in Canada killed the Competition Act that was introduced in 1971 in an attempt to impose some antitrust controls on a country that in effect has none. The business lobby succeeded in having Consumer and Corporate Affairs Minister Ross Bradford sacked and the principal draftsmen in his portfolio moved. Much reduced corporate contributions to Liberal campaign funds helped dump the Liberals to a minority position in the 1972 election and the Conservative party has since been given a law priority by the Liberals with a constant turnover of ministers. It is now headed by a man who previously was one of the chief lobbyists fighting the measure.

A detailed account of the success of the lobbyists is laid out in a new little book by W. T. Stathury, an academic who specializes in the corporate and anti-trust fields. It is called *Business Interests And The Reform Of Canadian Competition Policy 1971-73* (Carleton) (McGraw-Hill) and is a devastating endorsement of how the Liberals bow to business pressures while ignoring consumers (Ottawa's press may be better represented in Canada than consumers. The Dictionary of Associations in Canada lists 14 associations under "Consumer Protection").

Stathury says the Liberals don't really believe in competition. They don't believe in the United States. But not here. A minority built on the monopoly class gets the crm and monopoly charter King James gave the Hudson's Bay Company. Its growth assisted in collusion. As Stathury says, "There does not exist in Canada any fundamental belief in the virtues of competition as the method of allocating scarce resources and of diffusing economic and political power." Canadians, being double types, tend to be trading of public power (Americans are not). To quote Northrop Frye, "The idea of a chain of command was built into this country from the beginning, the respect for authority."

An excuse for the lobbyist. This is what it has done for obedient Canadians. Two years ago a group of academic lib-

erals by the federal government determined that Canada has the widest anti-competition legislation of any so-called capitalist country. When the original legislation was introduced in 1889, large lobbies of manufacturers from Toronto and Montreal lobbied and defeated the bill. These bills have a section of the Competition Investigation Act since 1923 making it an indictable offense to take part in a conspiracy.



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that has operated or is likely to operate to the detriment of the public. There has never been a conviction that was not reversed on appeal.

In 1925 there were only three permanent staff members when selecting the act. By 1941, the number had increased to only eight. Over 30 years the average fine per firm was a paltry \$2,122 (the U.S. average under the Sherman Act was \$51,304). It was no surprise, therefore, that Canadian business reacted with such fury when new Consumer Minister Bradford introduced the Competition Act in June 1971. Bill C-256, the Competition Act, that the *London Sunday Times* called "the most sweeping antitrust legislation in North American history."

As Stathury points out, the business lobby in Ottawa has few characteristics: it is invisible, it is intransigent, it is a constant and as persistent a community shifting—from cabinet ministers to senior civil servants to the *fixeurs* as lobbyists. Bradford was denounced as a "dangerous fa-

stake." At one stage, a lobbying group that demanded revocation of the Competition Act represented 15 firms with combined revenues of \$37 billion. The threat of the business attack on Ottawa's economy had its desired effect. Bradford was dropped as commerce minister in early 1972. He was replaced by Robert Andrus, an associate from the Liberal who, explained The *Canadian Observer* had "the entrepreneurial wisdom of a successful salesman." Mr. Andrus, just incidentally, was also co-chairman of the 1972 election campaign, a man who knew that Liberal bigmen had run into stiff opposition because of Bradford's bill. Mr. Andrus announced that a revised bill would be introduced.

After the 1972 election, Herb Gray became the minister. By April of 1974 he had ready a bill to amend the Competition Investigation Act. The day he reported debate the Liberal front benches were empty. A motion was called the next month and he was dropped from the cabinet. André Ouellet succeeded him. By 1976, he had resigned after making his financial comments about the judge when an anti-trust case against a major corporation failed. Bryce Mackay then became minister.

Even more interesting has been the political role of the anti-trust act. The Department of Justice it was clear the Liberals were backing away from the original Competition Act. David Henry, the respected director of investigations and research, resigned to go to the Supreme Court of Canada. When deputy minister Jim Grimley left shortly before Bill C-256 was allowed to die on the order paper, the writing was on the wall. In 10 years there have been seven different ministers and six departments—a record that would indicate Mr. Trudeau takes the consumer seriously.

Today the newest minister is Tony Abbott, who has spent his entire life in an anti-consumer position and became minister only by late-state politics when a cabinet shuffle was held up by members of another impressioned Mackay's resignation. Abbott was an executive assistant to the late Robert Winters and then followed him to Benson, where he was corporate counsel to that group which had food and housing interests. Next, Abbott was president of the Retail Council of Canada, a lobby for the big chain stores, and in one brief speech at the time referred to "Comrade Ross" and "Comrade David"—meaning Bradford and Henry. This is the man who is going to muscle the status quo of legislation on monopolies, mergers and cartels. Good luck, consumer!

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